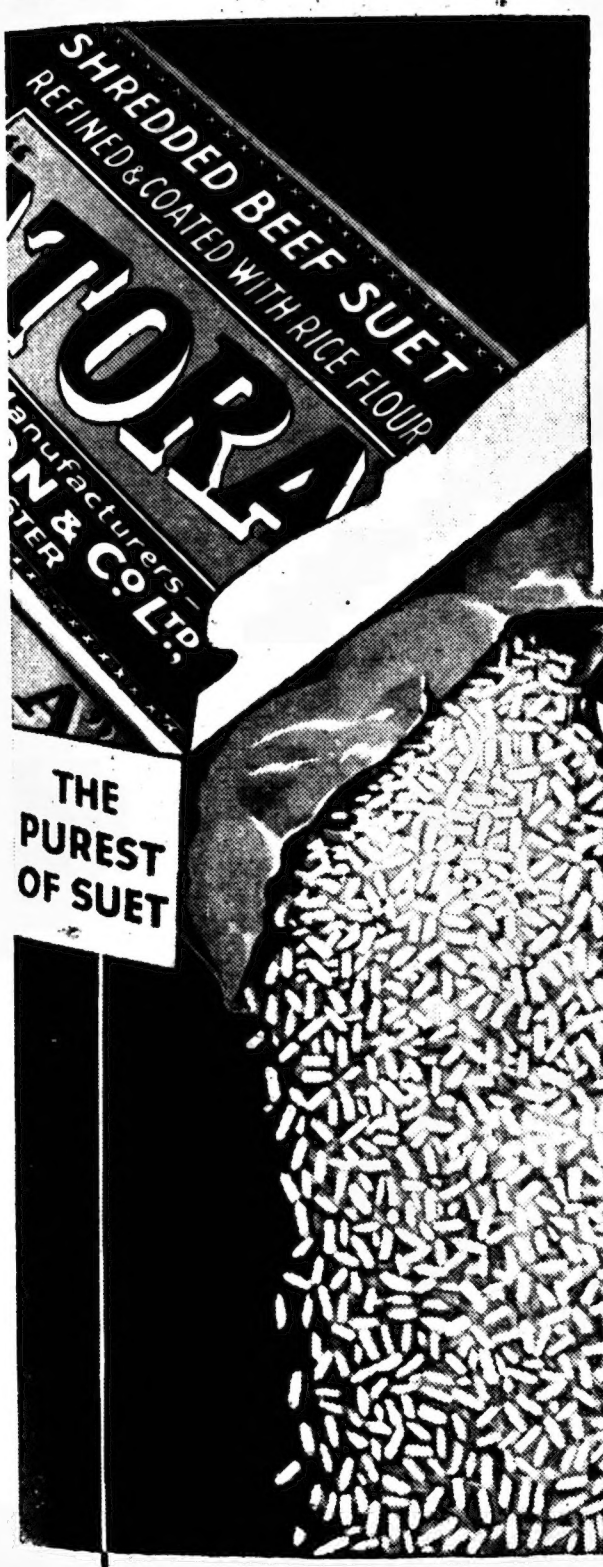
JOHN BULL, MARCH 16, 1935

TWOPENCE,
Vol. LVII.
1500.

SCOTLAND YARD'S JUBILEE BLACK LIST SEE PAGES 20 and 21

JOHN BULL



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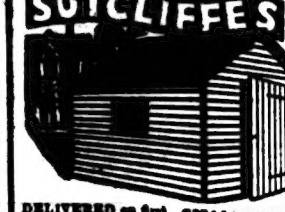

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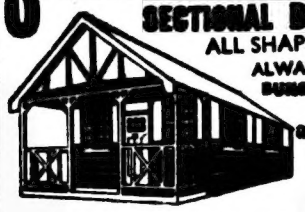

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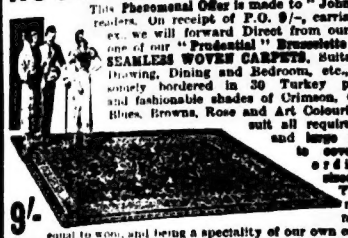

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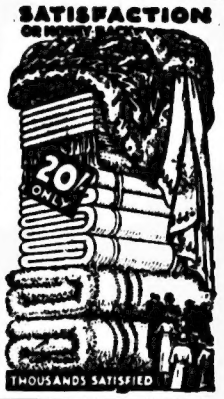

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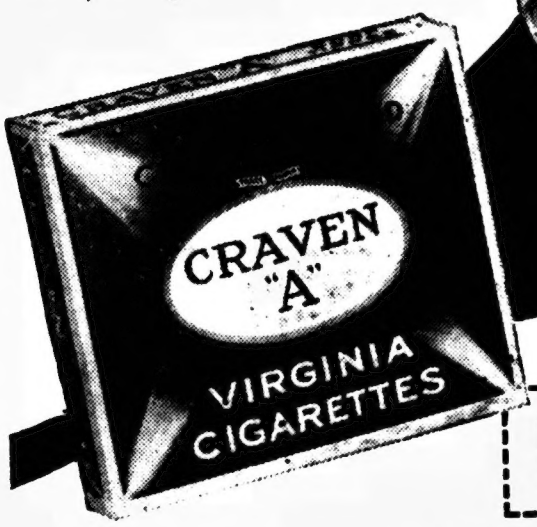

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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

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TORTURERS *who* GO FREE

He can post a mischievous lie . . . and the law does not punish him

Without Fear or Favour

WHAT indignation must have been aroused in the public mind the other day by the "anonymous letter" episode in which the mother of a fifteen-year-old boy, who had been absent from home for eighteen months, was stunned by an unsigned postal message announcing that her son was dead!

A second letter followed the first, stating that the boy had had "a proper funeral."

These assertions were false. The missing lad was alive and well. Reading in the newspapers of the cruel deception practised upon his parents, he hurried home to find them prostrated with shock and grief.

This painful episode elicited much angry comment at the time. People were indignant that the anonymous liar could not be traced and captured. If only he could be caught, they seemed to imagine, the law would punish him as he deserved.

This was a complete delusion.

The shocking truth is that there is no provision in our criminal law for the punishment of this sort of postal persecution.

Understand, this is not a case of the "poison pen," so often exposed and denounced in the pages of JOHN BULL. When a man pens rank libels about his neighbour, or befouls the post with obscene communications, he runs the risk of criminal prosecution if the authorship of these missives can be traced to him.

But it is no crime to write and post any other sort of wicked lie, even though the consequence may be to cause heart-breaking misery.

Only last year, in a Midland town, the wife of a man who was travelling on business was shocked to receive an unsigned letter of condolence upon his tragic and untimely death. The writer stated that he had been an eye-witness of the motor-car accident in which the absent husband was said to have been killed.

It was nothing but a tissue of lies. Two days later the husband was safely back home.

☆ ★ ☆

IN the meantime, however, the wife had suffered all the pain and shock of sudden bereavement. The rascal who penned the anonymous message, evidently one of those debased wretches who delight in the mere thought of torture, had dwelt in detail upon the lingering agonies of the deceased" in the hour or two he lay in hospital before his supposed "death."

Imagine a civilised law which does not condemn such conduct as a crime. Think what it means. Actually, it is not the anonymity of the writer of such devilish concoctions which shields him from legal punishment. It is a shocking defect in the law. If he were brazen enough to append his full name and address to his vile intentions, there is no law in the land which could place him in a criminal dock.

Take another example. It occurred, not very long ago, in the West of England. Without apparent cause, a young woman of twenty-five drowned herself in a village pond.

At the inquest her parents told the coroner that for nearly eighteen months she had been worried by the receipt of anonymous letters.

The poison pen? Cowardly assaults upon her moral character? Concocted tales of loose behaviour with young men? No, nothing of that kind. The letters, all of which were in the same handwriting, pretended to foretell her future. The writer claimed to be a seer and a prophet.

In cold blood he had penned a horoscope of this poor girl's life, threatening her with every sort of disaster. She must not expect to live long. She would die early of a horrible disease. There was no escape for her. All was fixed and foredoomed.

These terrible letters so preyed upon the mind of the girl that one evening, after days of racking fear and cruel anxiety, she determined to end her life before tormenting illness struck her down.

Her nameless murderer—the word is no exaggeration—had committed no crime, unless it was "pretending to tell fortunes," and even upon this charge he would have had the valid defence that he had charged no fees. These polluters of the post are sometimes bold enough to sign their names. It makes no difference.

As long as they do not attack a person's character, or employ foul language, the law has nothing to say about their mischievous activities.

There was a recent case in which a pretty and attractive girl was pestered almost daily with love-letters from a man twice her age, who was an entire stranger to her.

There was nothing improper in the communications—that is, no indecent word or suggestion—but the postal wooer, who put his address at the head of every letter and signed his real name at the foot, declared himself confident that before very long the girl would be his wife. She complained to the police, who decided upon a prosecution, the charge being one of "using insulting words and behaviour."

The complainant told the magistrate that she was beginning to be frightened, afraid to go out for fear the man might accost and molest her, nervous lest he should call at her lodgings, where she lived alone.

The prosecution failed, the magistrate stating that until the infatuated fool proceeded from written to spoken words, from molestation by post to molestation by action, he had not transgressed the law.

So the girl had to put up with the perpetual plague of unwanted love-letters. It is to be hoped that she had the sense, as soon as she recognised the handwriting, to tear them up unread.

Those blackguard letter writers, whose deliberate and diabolical aim it is to cause mental pain and anguish, actually have a decision of the High Court in their favour.

☆ ★ ☆

MORE than thirty years ago the King's Bench laid it down that "mental pain or anxiety the law cannot value and does not pretend to redress."

We shall voice the opinion of our readers when we affirm that this ought not to be the last word of the law upon this subject.

The words just quoted are the Magna Charta of the scoundrels who employ their pens to stab, wound or kill.

It needs a short Act of Parliament making it an offence, punishable with suitable terms of hard labour, to despatch, anonymously or otherwise, any communication designed to cause needless pain, worry or anxiety to any other person.

Such a law would soon reduce the number of anonymous letter writers, whose missives at present pass through the Post Office in an unceasing stream.

The police are aware of the identity of many of these demon ink-slingers. *The law should arm them with power to place the culprits at the bar of justice.*

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Hospital Queue Evil to Go at Last?

Cold Comfort for 5,000,000

Two Epics of Motherhood

IS the hospital queue to be abolished at last? The long and dreary waiting endured by out-patients at our great hospitals has long been attacked by us as an unnecessary evil. We are glad to say that, after all these years, there is now hope of improvement.

For that we must thank the Prince of Wales, on whose advice the King Edward's Hospital Fund has been considering the situation.

What must now be ensured is that its important recommendations are acted upon by the hospitals without further delay.

They know it

We know that the hospital authorities are well aware of the need for drastic reform. We fully sympathise with the difficult conditions in which they carry out their great work of healing the sick.

They deserve, indeed, the gratitude and admiration of us all.

But we believe that they need not incur much additional expense in carrying out the measures proposed by the Fund and other expert bodies.

Dismal queues

Though the Fund's latest report is confined to the problem of reducing waits at hospital dispensaries we trust that every hospital will consider the whole question of cutting down irksome delay in dealing with out-patients.

What must be saved is not a few minutes at the dispensary, but the hours wasted in other sections.

The queues of sick people in dismal and draughty corridors, whether before or after treatment, must be stopped for ever.

Needless ordeal

One of the worst causes of delay, in our opinion, is the system which compels hundreds of persons to attend at the same hour.

It should surely be possible to spread the number of patients over various times of attendance.

As it is, the distracting waits which must be suffered before the patient sees a doctor very often make him feel a good deal worse and so retard his recovery.

It is hardly pleasant for a healthy person to be forced to sit with ailing and infirm people for hours on end; it is definitely harmful for persons who are themselves unwell.

Going one better

That is why we urge upon our great hospitals the need for speedy and complete reform. We feel sure they will tackle the problem with the same goodwill they show in their superb work of healing the sick, and will consider not only the suggestions of the King Edward Fund, but those of the British Medical Association and the Medical Practitioners' Union.

With this task accomplished, our hospitals—already the best in the world—will stop the only serious criticism that can be made against them.

Cold comfort

We are not much impressed by the Minister of Labour's analysis of the unemployment problem.

He denies there is a regular army of more than two million men and women who never get work. It appears there are five million workers who are idle for about twenty weeks in the year, and only 400,000 who *never* get a job.

Now we know

"Only 400,000" without work, money, or hope; only five million who are idle for months each year!

Mr. Stanley appears to find these facts comforting.

It was the same gentleman who discovered that the public would not stand for his new unemployment assistance rates. Maybe he'll discover next that the public will not stand for his calm assurances about the number of unemployed.

Why medals?

And we should like a more practical response to the Prince of Wales' appeal for a Jubilee Fund for young people. Middlesex, for instance, is going to see that every school child in the county receives a cheap medal as a jubilee souvenir.

Would it not be wiser to spend the money in creating jubilee scholarships for children of poor parents?

Mr. Stanley may try to explain away the unemployment figures, but it must look like a bit of juggling to the victims

The mugs

Bedfordshire children, though, were actually asked for celebration suggestions. They decided emphatically that they didn't want souvenir mugs or medals, but mugs and medals they are going to have.

Now they'll feel they are the mugs.

Greed

By the way, once again the old game of skinning the sightseer is in full swing, and as much as £50 a seat is being asked along the route of the Royal procession to St. Paul's.

Well, on similar occasions many of the touts over-reached themselves and were left with empty chairs and flat purses.

Let us hope this happens again!

Unfair leniency

A man whose purse we should like to empty is a Herefordshire farmer, Douglas Johnstone, who has just pleaded guilty to failing to pay national health insurance in respect of five workmen.

He has been let off with a fine, though he had been previously convicted for a similar offence, and had the audacity to telephone a magistrate before his latest case was heard.

That in itself, it seems to us, deserves very heavy penalty.

Strange, but true

It is odd that a body calling itself a Health Committee should turn down the gift of a public park in order to erect a slaughter-house on the proffered land.

Yet this is the sorry fate which has befallen a generous offer of the Rowntree Village Trust to present to York a site recently cleared of slum property for use as a recreation ground.

This decision is all the more scandalous because four alternative sites for the abattoir have been passed over.

Motherhood's epics

We must mourn the loss of two heroic mothers. One was a blind woman, Mrs. Crick, of High Wycombe, who was burned to death while trying to rescue her daughter from their blazing house.

The other was Dr. Doreen Robinson, who gallantly tried to save her [illegible] year-old child from the flames, both mother and child being killed.

Such incidents surely deserve a mention in the magnificent story of motherhood.

Trifles

We cannot be so enthusiastic about other cases of courage.

There is the instance of Hubert Kenworthy, who had heard that a man saved a life by diving from Westminster Bridge, and made a bet that he would emulate the jump, losing his life in the attempt.

Then Mrs. Odette Powell, a Barnes woman, fell into the river trying to stop a dog fight on the water's edge, with the result that both she and her would-be rescuer were drowned.

Stupid

Now picture the scene when a girl's hat dropped into the Thames. A man trying to retrieve it fell on some stonework; another young fellow was injured in a further attempt to get it back. Both ended up in hospital.

Three dead and two injured all in one river over a lost hat and a dog fight! Do you wonder that we say it is wrong to risk human lives over trifles?

Devotion

For the very reverse of a trifle think of the splendid story of Harriet Knight, a Loughborough woman.

When her sister was struck down by an internal complaint, twenty-year-old Harriet vowed never to leave her. That was fifty-six years ago.

Now death has ended the elder sister's sufferings—ended, too, the self-sacrifice and devotion of Harriet. Constancy has no finer example than that.

Sport and business

We sympathise with Hereford's football fans over the financial difficulties of their club, but we don't see why their pleasures should be a charge upon the local rates.

That is why we consider the city council is wise in refusing to forgo the rent of Hereford United's ground, of which it is the landlord.

Obviously, large numbers of the city ratepayers prefer other forms of recreation to that of football. Why should they have to subsidise a sport in which they are not interested?

The Fragrant Minute

THE BACKWARD BRIGADE

THEY'RE always walking backwards. You know the type I mean? Always clinging to the past, to vanished hour and scene. And always sighing vainly "If I'd not acted so, things would have been much better—but of course I didn't know."

Their breath is for repining, the past has all their mind. They do not step "breast forward." They always gaze behind. They walk along that mental road that leads them back and back, and lips are ever forming a sad "Alas! Alack!"

We will not join these people, walking backwards with regret. Our barren years we'll leave behind; mistakes we will forget. Our eyes on far horizons! What though we cannot see, we'll seek the future without fear for "the best is yet to be."

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

The Church looks up

Mention of subsidies brings us to the curious fact reported by a reader.

Our recent suggestion that the time may come when people will be paid to attend church reminds him that in a Merioneth parish the vicar pays for a car to take worshippers to church and entertains them to supper after the service.

The other day the old question of whether the Church should advertise was raised again by a public speaker. It seems to us that some servants of the Church are already advertising very effectively in the most direct way.

Humane and wise

A council we can really congratulate is that of Wednesbury, Staffs, which is going to retire all manual workers in its employ on pension at the age of sixty-five. As some of these workers are between the ages of sixty-five and seventy-seven, we think it is not before time.

Still, it is a step in the right direction—and one which should be applied not only to manual labourers, but to other municipal workers at Wednesbury and elsewhere.

Inhuman

On the other hand, there is the lamentable experience of a young man who lost his job because he was ill and away from work for three days, even though he put in a doctor's certificate.

He found that a clause in his agreement stipulated that any employee absent through illness or any other cause would be automatically dismissed!

Presumably a member of the staff would even be unable to attend his wife's funeral. The marvel is that this firm does not expect to be paid by its workers for allowing them to earn its profits.

Some of our wins

During the past eight years our Pensions Expert has got fifty-three ex-Service men's pensions permanently increased, in addition to nearly £5,000 as arrears, in cases of ex-soldiers who have lost a limb.

The Ministry is responsible for the artificial limbs of 35,700 pensioners. As there is a complete record of these amputation cases, we can see no reason for the Ministry's refusal of our demand that all of them should be reviewed.

The better way

We are sorry the Southgate borough council cannot dissuade the P.M.G. from putting up telegraph poles in a residential street.

As we have been saying for years, all telegraph and telephone wires should be underground. If this were done we should not have the customary crop of blown-down wires after every gale.

Indeed, we see no reason why all the pipe services—the post office, water, gas, electricity, and so on—should not be laid together in one big tube along every road so that they might be reached without the digging that seems to go on for ever.

Convicted

We cannot pretend to be sorry at the fines of £4 each meted out at Cirencester to the president and general secretary of the Destitute and Homeless Help Society, of York Road, London, for making a street collection through their servants without police authority.

We have so often criticised this so-called charity that we would be glad had been driven out of existence entirely.

The Call, Ltd.

We are anxious that there should be no misunderstanding regarding our article criticising the above enterprise.

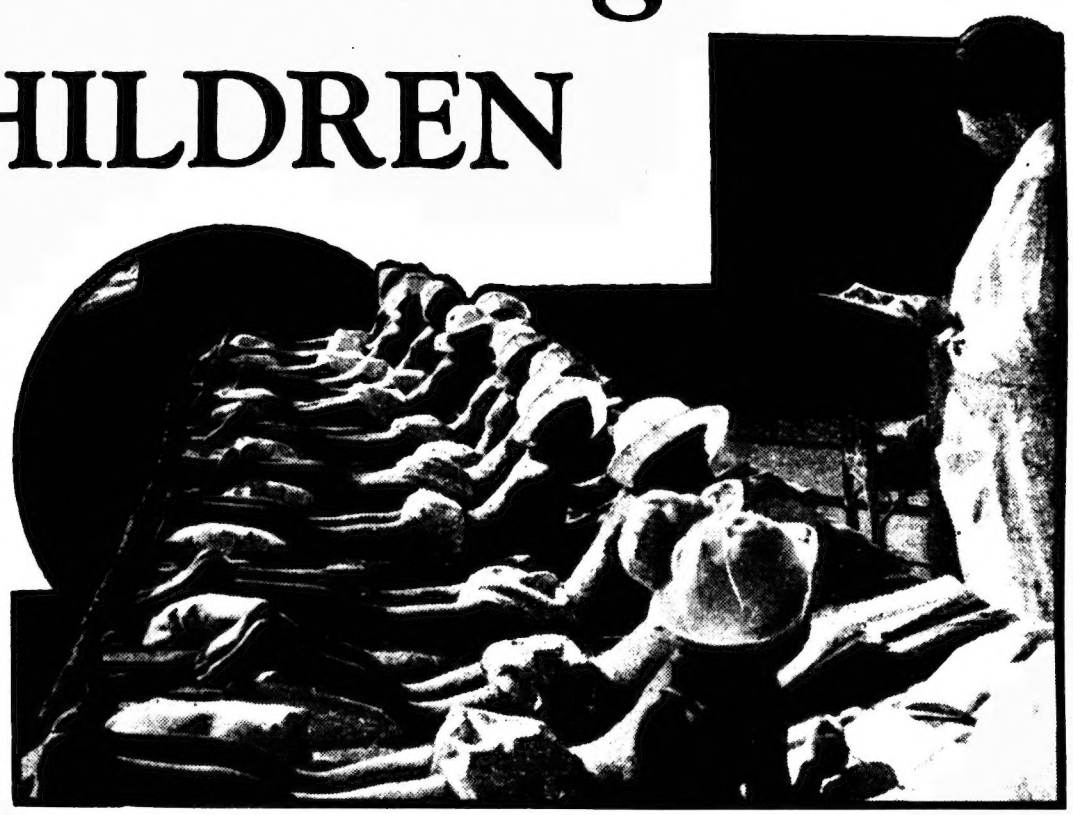
Mrs. Colles, the chairman and founder, receives no remuneration for her work, and we wish to point out that no reflection on her integrity was intended or, in fact, conveyed in the article.

FIVE-YEAR PLAN TO SAVE THE—

White Scourge CHILDREN

by Sir Frederick HOBDAY

Principal of the Royal Veterinary College



Sun and fresh air is one way of curing tubercular children; but there would be fewer cases if special steps were taken to ensure that the purest of milk only be consumed

IT has been repeatedly stated that each year some 2,000 young children die in Great Britain from tuberculosis of bovine origin — the disease produced by drinking raw milk obtained from infected cows, and that, in addition, about 4,000 fresh cases develop, causing an immense amount of suffering, invalidism and often permanent deformity.

To add to this burden of *avoidable* human tragedy there is the continual heavy financial loss to the nation.

It has been estimated that each of these cases of milk-borne tuberculosis costs the local authorities £400 when treated in a hospital or sanatorium. Milk producers lose upwards of £3,000,000 per annum through decreased yields from infected cows. The death and destruction of others in an advanced stage of the disease helps to swell the total annual bill of £14,000,000 which is inflicted on this country through cattle diseases.

☆ ★ ☆

Finally, according to the report of the Government Committee on Cattle Diseases, published last year, 40 *per cent. of the cows in Great Britain are infected with tuberculosis. That incidence is probably as high as anywhere else in the world.*

I quote these facts and figures in no alarmist spirit. They are the plain statement of a position which should be made known to a wider audience than doctors, voluntary health workers, and the few lay people who have the time and capacity to digest scientific reports.

What that position is can be stated frankly. It is this: While milk is the cheapest and most perfect food substance known to the human race, there is no doctor to-day who dares to advocate the use of raw, untested cow's milk as an infant food, nor indeed for the growing child. To quote Lord Horder's declaration to the Minister of Health: "We have positive evidence of an overwhelming nature that, speaking of milk in general, it cannot be trusted."

There is thus a twofold problem—human and economic. It has been neglected too long, but now it must be solved; for the sake of the race, and for the sake of the farmer and the prosperity of the dairy industry, which, in this country, is still a pigmy compared with what it may yet become.

☆ ★ ☆

The People's League of Health, which is a voluntary body, has done much pioneer work towards the solution of this grave and urgent problem. It was their monumental survey of the disease in Great Britain which, a few years ago, first shocked the country into knowledge of the position we are facing. Some of the facts that I quoted at the beginning of this article are taken from that survey.

The League's great work has since given birth to several other Government committees, but it has to be recorded that no State effort so far has produced any real tangible effect on the incidence of bovine tuberculosis in either human beings or cattle.

The various Orders which exist for the notification of tuberculosis cows have failed to prevent its spread; for the reason that most of the onus is put on the farmer, and he does not notify soon enough. Prosecutions for neglect have been few and far between. All the schemes of bonuses for pure milk have come to nothing; and the present State systems of veterinary control are too limited in powers and too chaotic in application to deal with the problem on adequate national lines.

The National Veterinary Association has given much thought to the matter, and has put forward a scheme which, *if fully applied*, can stamp out bovine tuberculosis within a comparatively few years.

☆ ★ ☆

It is our "five-year plan," which will not only help the farmer and dairyman by eradicating disease from cattle, but by eliminating the actual cause, will prevent children from having access to this germ which gives rise to the "white scourge."

This scheme first suggests the establishment of a separate Government Department of Animal Health.

At present the control of animal diseases is divided between the two Ministries of Agriculture and Health, and this results in overlapping services, loss of efficiency and expensive administration. The fight against so grave and widespread a disease as tuberculosis is greatly handicapped.

At the head of this Department would be a Principal Veterinary Officer and, under him, area veterinary officers throughout the country. These would work in conjunction with panels of veterinary practitioners attached to the county and urban districts.

Each area would have laboratories where microscopic and biological tests of milk could be speedily carried out.

This section of the plan is, in brief, a scheme for a State Veterinary Service.

The next step will be to help the farmer to build up herds of tuberculosis-free cattle. First, a reservoir of such cattle will be created under the scheme, and then herd owners will be invited to apply to have their beasts "accredited." To achieve this distinction, and earn the benefits conferred thereby, the owner has his cattle tested, and those found infected are removed from the herd. They would be replaced from the State reservoir of tested cattle. Alternatively, a fair compensation will be paid to the owner.

The infected cattle will be segregated from the healthy herd, and must be indelibly branded and slaughtered as soon as practicable. It will not then be possible to see, as one can see in any market town to-day, infected cattle—which have been turned out from herds unmarked and therefore an insidious source of contagion—put up in the market, and purchased by innocent owners to infect others with which they come in contact.

After "accredited herds" have been created, the next step will be to build up "accredited areas," where all herds are T.B. free. This will be done by the same process of weeding out infected cattle and by their substitution with clean beasts—and by compensation.

Under this National Veterinary Association Scheme a regular veterinary inspection of all milk-producing cows in this country will be made compulsory.

There will also be compulsory measures to deal with those areas which have been backward in cleaning up their herds, while eradication has been almost completed in others. They will be *made* to come in under the "accredited" plan, although they will not be dealt with differently from those who came in voluntarily.

The plan is completely workable and practicable. It represents the combined knowledge and experience of all the chief veterinary authorities of the country, and it is ready to come into operation at once.

The speed with which it can be carried to completion by the total eradication of all infected cows in this country, depends on the annual grant provided for the working of the scheme.

That is the issue which the whole country has to face. Everybody will have to make some little sacrifice—the public, the milk distributors and the farmers—so that Great Britain can rid childhood of one of its worst scourges.

And is it not worth it? Is not the fact that 6,000 children will be saved each year from death, disease and deformity worth it?

☆ ★ ☆

I make no estimate of the expenditure involved, but I do say that if we are given only the price of one battleship per annum the veterinary service can go ahead to certain success. More than this sum is already lost now on sanatorium expenses and on shortened milk yields from diseased cattle.

Finally, there is the point of national prestige. The work of the scientific veterinarian has stamped out most of the other diseases which are communicable from animals to man, such, for example, as glanders, rabies, two of the most terrible in their effects upon man, and each now non-existent on our island home.

The work of the Veterinary Department of the Ministry of Agriculture has been an example to the rest of the world in the fight against these maladies.

Are we now to take a backward place and allow the worst of all to beat us—the one disease that strikes, not only at individual human beings, but at those who are helpless to defend themselves; and, indeed, at the race itself?

The TWO MEN

IT is time now for JOHN BULL to close its case against Jerry.

All the evidence has been given in our preceding seven articles. All our charges have been fearlessly put on record in these pages, and endorsed by experts, architects, structural engineers, builders and builders' tradesmen of every degree and kind.

To them JOHN BULL's best thanks for the way in which they have rallied to our support in these exposures of the bitterest and gravest scandal of our time.

The witnesses have had their say—in the shape of the extracts we have quoted from the host of readers' letters—Jerry's victims all of them—who have hastened to "write to JOHN BULL about it," and have produced the largest postbag which this office remembers for a long time.

They have all been witnesses for the prosecution. There have been no witnesses for the defence, not a single hint of justification or protest.

No redress

We will except the solitary letter from a disgruntled builder who wrote saying that he was "going jerry" because "the public were fools anyway," and preferred jerry work to the sound houses he had erected and could not sell. To him we wish the best of luck with houses he *has* built.

The overwhelming verdict is that Jerry is "guilty." But, unfortunately, there is no law in this land to punish him for his past crimes, and no redress for his many victims.

You can get recompense from a tailor who makes you an ill-fitting suit of clothes, but not from a builder who makes you an uninhabitable house. A butcher can be jailed for selling bad meat, but a builder cannot be touched for selling bad houses.

It is not an unfair deduction from such a reader response as has followed this campaign that at least 20 per cent. of the houses erected for the home-buyer during the past five years are hopelessly jerry-built. That represents something like 150,000 houses.

Price to pay

The estimates of leading architects, trades associations and other authorities who have written to us are actually in advance of this figure. And before us is a statement from a Government research scientist closely connected with building activities to the effect that, in twelve years' time, more than 30 per cent. of the new houses will be derelict merely owing to the *quality* of materials now being used! At best, he says, *they will require to have spent upon them in repairs in that period at least as much as the purchase price.*

That statement is being elaborated and embodied in an official report which, we believe, will at last shock the Government into some realisation of what is going on in every town and in the country.

It is safe to say that either the Government does *not* know or is being wilfully blind—or why should the Minister of Health recently declare that he "saw no reason to introduce legislation for the protection of house-buyers against shoddy work in construction"?

We think that those 150,000 of the new slums are a good and sufficient reason. If Jerry was given to Latin he could quote with ironical truth Sir Christopher Wren's famous inscription in St. Paul's—"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice"—"If you would see my monument, look around you." . . . There is nothing which can be done for that 150,000. But what we *can* do now is to see that it does not happen again.

During the next few weeks the building rush of 1935 will be getting into full stride. At least 200,000 new houses will be put up by "unassisted private enterprise," and the same number next year, and in the years immediately following. Before these new houses go up we must put Jerry out of business.

The three ways

There are three ways by which that can be done, and the united effect of all three will ensure homes fit to live in and the doom of the jerry-builder.

The first is proper caution and knowledge on the part of the house-buying public.

The second is the limitation of finance to the jerry-builder.

The third is housing legislation, nation-wide in its scope, which will lay down standards of construction, properly inspected and controlled, on all houses to be built for profit.

All three are at present non-existent.

On the first point JOHN BULL confidently believes that the warnings we have given, and these first full-scale exposures of the ways of the jerry-builder have not been in vain. Sooner or later other journals will no doubt follow JOHN BULL's lead in enlightening the home-buying public against the traps, and the burden of anxiety and loss that confronts them at Jerry's hands.

And we shall go on, but with this difference—that where we get evidence, fully investigated and confirmed, of gross individual exploitation by some jerry-builder, then that builder and his activities will be pilloried here—as JOHN BULL constantly does in its fight against all other forms of fraud.

With a public forewarned and forearmed on Jerry's wiles and methods, then the total of his victims will grow less. Sales of jerry-built houses will drop. He will find that only honest building pays. The game will not be worth the scandal!

The second point—the limitation of Jerry's finance is the surest way of all of putting him out of business. *And that means that the building societies must come into line.*

Scores among the hosts of Jerry's victims who wrote to JOHN BULL during the series of exposures said, "Why don't you 'go for' the Building Societies?" Our answer is that we have left them to this last because there was no point in general condemnation, while we could use the case of the building societies in this constructive summing-up.

There is no doubt, whatsoever, that some of the building societies have played a deplorable part in Jerry-Building the New England.

Great rivalry

When the boom in private building began a few years ago there was strong competition in attracting mortgage business by progressively loosening the terms and conditions on which money was advanced on house property.

The finance methods used by some building societies; the farce of the so-called "surveys" on property erected; and the recklessness with which advances have been made to any kind of builder and any kind of

Sir Hilton Young, as Minister of Health, can, if he will, put Jerry out of business and assure the public of houses as pleasing as these model flats are . . .

property, lead to the only conclusion that the societies were interested only in building up their lists of "assets" and business done in proud display in their annual reports.

A Manchester reader who is a builder in a large way of business in that area puts the relation of the societies and the jerry-builder in a very simple way.

There is time

"As a regular reader of JOHN BULL for many years," he says, "I venture to say that no better series of articles have yet appeared than those dealing with the activities of the jerry-builder.

"Unfortunately, a great deal of damage has been done by this type of individual, but it is not too late to prevent the damage from spreading. The building societies themselves could do much in this direction. Instead of simply *looking* at plans submitted by a builder, asking what is the selling price, stating what mortgage an owner-occupier will be granted, *and thereupon fix*

TO BEAT JERRY

—And How They Can Do it

ncing the builder in the course of rection—why do they not ask for ull specifications as well, and then eruse the actual invoices for naterials delivered on the site?

"Since the building society ask hat is going to be the price of con-truction, and they undertake to inance same, surely it is in their wn interests to see that good stuff nly is used; otherwise tenants get issatisfied, quitting very often with-ut warning, and throwing the pro-erty on the society's hands."

The history of jerry-building for he last five years is the history of uilding societies constantly acting gainst "their own interests." There re thousands of jerry-built houses p and down the country, where, as OHN BULL has said in previous rticles, the "dissatisfied owner-ccupiers" have done a "moonlight lit"—defaulted—and left the pro-erty on the society's hands.

Amazing document

Before us is an amazing document which is a transcript of the proceed-ngs at a meeting held recently by uilding society valuers from all over he country.

Here are extracts from a speech nade by one large building society irector. . . . "Societies are granting oans to-day which give the builder his cost of production and a substan-ial part of his profit *on houses over he quality and value of which the uilding society exercises little con-rol.*"

. . . "It is undoubtedly the case hat when houses have been selling reely with their aid, building socie-ies have been the means of encour-ging much planning and building hat is no credit to anyone."

In this speech there was much echnical matter admitting, and showing how, losses are being made, and attacking the competition which has created those conditions.

Another speaker made a statement with which JOHN BULL is in hearty agreement. . . . "The best element in the building industry is not anxious for the societies to support poor building. They would welcome a declaration to the effect that we would lend money only on sound buildings, and were determined to encourage the improvement of construction and design."

Another official of a large society declared: "The man in the street looks to the building society for a fair deal, and I am afraid that by our competition we are not giving him that fair deal.

Co-operate!

"If, instead of fighting one another, seeing who can be the biggest society, seeing how our millions are piling up, we could co-operate, it would be a far better thing. *Believe me, if one of the big societies crashes, the whole lot will go to the ground. You are the guardians of the people's money, and it is up to you to realise, as I am sure you do, your great responsibility.*"

Finally, the official of another large society said . . . "I do feel that we ought to do more in the way of inspecting the quality of materials and workmanship. *We ought to do more than we are doing to protect the borrower from the dishonest builder.*

"*We are not doing our duty as public-spirited men in protecting these people, who are undertaking to pay every farthing they get for the next twenty years.* They rely on us, and I do urge that we do all we can to bring our directors into line. We all have their support, and if we can do this we shall be going a great step forward."

These astonishing speeches, made by high officials of the building societies themselves, are an admission, and more than an admission, of every charge which JOHN BULL has made or implied on the societies' share in helping the jerry-builder.

The sincerity and the genuineness of these speeches are obvious, and they are the best hope we have that the building societies can beat the jerry-builder and so purge their past sins in this direction.

While the societies have such officials, with the courage to denounce the frailties of the system, and to face frankly its unpleasant consequences, and will act on their advice, then both the public and their shareholders need have no fear.

They can do it

We want to see these utterances by their own officials acted upon by all the building societies during 1935. They can do it—if they will. If they do not, then they betray the public—that is the clear issue.

We await some definite line, publicly stated, from the National Council of Building Societies as to the action they immediately intend against the jerry-builder.

If no money is forthcoming for Jerry's houses, then we shall get good houses, because, with very few exceptions, he cannot finance himself.

That is simple truth.

On *our third point*, the question of new housing legislation: Here is the weapon which will drive Jerry completely out of business, even if there were still building societies which would lend money on his houses, and a public foolish and ignorant enough to buy them.

Clear issue

Britain, of all the great civilised countries, is the most backward in restrictive legislation against the jerry-builder. Jerry's business has thriven on the wild complexities of our housing law, on out-of-date statutes like the Public Health and Building Acts, which date back to before the Franco-Prussian war, on the forests of by-laws which differ in all parts of the country, which are applied in some places and ignored in others.

We say, in all earnestness, to Sir Hilton Young, the Minister of Health, whose Department is responsible for housing, that there is no work which lies to his hand more important than this, and none which, successfully completed, would bring him greater glory. A catchpenny triumph in slum clearance is little good if new slums are created as fast as the old are pulled down.

We want to see a Consolidating Act which will bring together all the scattered lines of housing legislation and applied *to the country as a whole.*

Then the 1,000 and more separate local housing authorities must be welded in one whole, with common powers, so that rotten housing can be fought with a united front.

Definite minimum standards for material and every item of construction in a house must be laid down.

Those standards must apply throughout a house, of whatever price, from foundations to roof, and not, as now, be concerned only with the bare elements of safety and sanitation. And there must be powers to see that those standards are carried out.

Besides the question of *quality* of materials and construction, there is the question of *cost*. The new legislation must take more interest in this matter than any previous housing laws have done.

Machinery must be devised which will stop ramps in the prices of building materials, "cornering" tactics and particular monopolies which have been such a discreditable feature of the building boom. Houses must be far cheaper than they are at present. At the same time, there must be more State encouragement of research in building materials and advances in the technique of construction.

It is a frequent complaint on the part of manufacturers that the building industry, one of the most rapidly developing of all, and with a constantly expanding market, is one of the most resistant to new ideas. There are dozens of cheap labour-saving devices for the home, tested and accepted for years past in foreign countries, which are merely drifting into British homes in "penny numbers." The manufacturers say "that it doesn't pay," and all these devices which save drudgery and make for beauty are shelved for some future date.

Or else they come on the market at such a price that they can go only into the homes of the rich and not into the homes of the people.

Together, these two men, Sir Hilton Young, the Minister responsible for housing, and Sir Harold Bellman, the official representative of the Building Societies, can beat Jerry, and we have shown them how to do it.

After all, we have "National Mark" food now — why not a "National Mark" house? That is the house JOHN BULL would build.

But we shall be content with nothing less than new, far-reaching, sane and simple legislation. Only with that can we stamp out the blight of defective houses, avoid a crop of new slums in ten years hence, and save a generation of decent home-loving people from years of anxiety, trouble and loss.

. . . And Sir Harold Bellman, as head of the National Council of Building Societies, has the power to co-operate in the beating of Jerry

Do You Remember?

Do you remember King Edward's funeral, hobble skirts, the Suffragettes, the man who looped the loop, a "war" in the East End of London? Whether you remember these things and hundreds more like them—or whether you don't—you will be thrilled by the wonder Presentation which every reader will be able to apply for in JOHN BULL next week. Don't miss the important double-page announcement next week.

One—nil . . . your favourites holding their lead . . . attacking grimly . . . pressing every advantage . . . a roar of applause from the crowd . . . another pass and this time a Player's.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
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2 LETTERS

Read them—then you will realise what is happening and why.
A VOCATIONAL TRAINING FROM THIS COLLEGE IS A CAREER—A SUCCESSFUL PROGRESSIVE CAREER.

Class Number L 131662.

86, St. Peter's Grove, Canterbury.
17th Dec., 1934.

Dear Sir,

You may remember me as a pupil of your College, taking a correspondence course for the recent Civil Service Examination. The result of this examination has now been published, and I learn that I was fortunate enough to secure the top place out of over 1,400 other candidates.

I consider that this result reflects great credit upon your course and your tutors for their interest and their willingness to help me with my studies.

May I wish you the compliments of the season and every success in the future.

Yours very gratefully,
C. P. CAYLEY.

OPEN LETTER TO PARENTS

Dear Sir or Madam,—When your children first arrived they brought with them a wonderful lot of sunshine. Later you became proud of the intelligence they displayed, but still later you became anxious as to what would become of them in the future. Perhaps you were anxious when you visualised them as grown men and women. Even with plenty of money it is not always easy to select the right career, and a parent is sometimes inclined to ask advice of some relative and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that relative knows nothing at all about the possibilities of employment. Why not let me relieve you of some of your anxieties? In fact, why not let me be their Father? We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but the nature of our business compels us to keep an eye upon the class of men and women that are wanted and who wants them. There are some people who manufacture an article and put it on the market to sell. We do not do that, we work in exactly the opposite direction. We find out what employers want and we train our students to fill those jobs. We have to be experts in the matter of employment, prortes and prosperity. If you have any anxieties at all as to what your sons or daughters should be, write to me, or better still, let them write to me personally—Fatherly Advice Department—and tell me their likes and dislikes and I will give sound, practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

Yours sincerely,
J. H. Bennett

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Naval Architecture
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Pumps & Pumping Machinery
Radio Service Engineering
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Salesmanship
Sanitation
Secretarial Exams.
Shipbuilding
Shorthand (Pitman's)
Structural Engineering
Surveying
Teachers of Handicrafts
Telephony and Telegraphy
Transport Inst. Exams.
Weights & Measures Inspector
Welding
Wireless Telegraphy & Telephony
Works Managers

If you do not see your own requirements above, write to us on any subject.

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TO STUDENTS LIVING ABROAD or on the high seas, a good supply of lessons is given, so that they may be done in their order and despatched to us for examination and correction. They are then sent back with more work and in this way a *continuous stream of work* is always in transit from the Student to us and from us to the Student, therefore distance makes no difference.

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HANNEN SWAFFER'S OPEN LETTER TO EPSTEIN

Your "Christ" is a Sermon in Stone

MY DEAR JACOB,—Are even you growing old-fashioned now?

I ask because, while it was less than two years ago that your portrait asts, shown at the same time as the oyal Academy pictures, made Burling-n House look as tame as tinned milk, is time you have achieved something en more remarkable—carved a great ure of Christ before His judges, your n conception, and, so far, escaped e condemnation of the Churches.

Indeed, the first three parsons who re asked their opinion—and they were well known—hesitated to blame you. ore than that, they seemed apprecia-e.

Yet it is only a few years since your eat figure of the crucified Christ was dicted from the pulpits. This new rist of yours, much more modern in its conception even than that, has not aroused the usual storm. You must be careful, Jacob. When they cease to throw stones, you know, you are no longer a prophet. When they applaud you, you are lost.

Even as it is, you must remember there are in London to-day, accepted by the populace, war memorials which, had you designed them before the war, would have led to storms and buffetings. I remember particularly the Gunners' memorial outside St. George's Hospital and the gigantic figure of a private soldier in Paddington Station. Both these are the work of Sergeant Jaggers, now passed on. Victorian England would have called them hideous. Georgian England, because of you, accepts them, and does not venture to criticise.

Now you, this time, have taken a great piece of marble, eleven feet in height and seven tons in weight, and have fashioned a Christ which ten years ago would have been condemned as looking like a South Sea Islander. And yet parsons have actually paid tribute to its serene dignity!

I regard this as the greatest achievement of any artist during my lifetime. I mean that a Jew has, quite frankly, moulded a modern Jew's conception of the Messiah and yet at the same time achieved such a reputation that three parsons called upon and asked to curse almost remained to pray.

Your new Christ made me when I saw it remember many things. My mind went back to history, to Christmas Day, 1541, when "The Last Judgment," Michael Angelo's painting in the Sistine Chapel, Rome, was unveiled and denounced by the Papal Master of Ceremonies as "more fitted for a pot-house than a chapel." Now it is hailed as one of the world's greatest paintings.

Boccacino's Jesus, now in the Church of St. Maria Transpontine, thought quite conventional in these days, made everybody laugh when it was unveiled. Even the Holbein Christ, now hailed as a masterpiece in Basle Museum, was denounced, at the time, because of its so-called realism.

The truth is that these three artists dared to express what other people merely feel—a different idea of Jesus of Nazareth. When parsons, preaching from their pulpits, talk of Christ, they seem to believe that everybody in the pews beneath them conjure up the same picture of the Saviour of mankind. They really believe that, because they all sing the same words during a hymn and all utter the same responses during the prayers, the Being of Whom they sing and to Whom they pray, in the minds of all the singers and the supplicants bears the same likeness and possesses the same qualities.

Every person, of course, has his own idea. Although every Christian symbolises Christ as the perfection of all the virtues, the virtues ascribed by each Christian to Him depend upon the character and personality of each Christian himself.

So contrary are the minds of people, that while I read in the *Church Times* the other day a criticism of an Anglican priest's faith healing at Brighton—"Where healing and religion are identified," it said, "religion is likely to be the loser"—I visualise Christ as the Great Healer, the Man Who, of all men, made healing part of His religious practices.

What does the armament manufacturer think of Christ? Does he, when he prays, really believe that He would stand to-day on the side of great battalions?

What does the slum landlord, when he is in church, think of Him? Does he conjure up in his mind the words, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and imagine himself as a Cæsar to whom tribute should be paid? Does he not know that Christ, at a time when many were looking forward to the Messiah, was having put to him, by the people who thought the Messiah would free the Jews from their Roman masters, a test question which probably had been put to all the other so-called Messiahs who then roamed the land.

Do the very poor remember that he fed the hungry? This job, to-day, is being so badly done by a Government that cannot handle abundance.

As I looked, Jacob, on your gigantic figure of Jesus of Nazareth, with a crown of thorns upon His Head and with His hands bound with rope, I saw Him still bound to-day, and still awaiting crucifixion. He represented Eternal Sacrifice. He stood there like Everlasting Truth facing as ever universal condemnation.

I am sorry there is no room in the narrow thoroughfare of Downing Street for your new monument. While they plan there the purchase of more aeroplanes and bigger guns and larger battleships, your Christ should stand outside No. 10 waiting to be condemned again, because He brought to the world a message of peace. Diehards would not acquit him.

Your Christ is a sermon in stone. It is a lesson as immortal as the marble of which your statue is made.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

HENRY RICHARDS,
Anti-Noise League

DEAR SIR HENRY,—I agree with you at noise is a disease that is fast getng out of hand. Few people realise at it can be deadly in the case of sick ople and to all highly strung folk it torture.

I particularly like your suggestion that nes of silence should be established und the schools, where it is often imssible for young children to pay attenn to their lessons—to say nothing of e damage to their nerves.

Above all, I hope with you that the ole problem will soon be tackled like her crimes against society.

JOHN BULL.

ss ELLEN THORNTON,
yor of Eastbourne

DEAR MISS THORNTON,—It is natural at people should want to see the King d Queen whenever possible, but this kes it almost impossible for their jesties to walk abroad in peace.

During the first part of the King's t cure, Eastbourne people dogged his otsteps. I am very glad you appealed better manners, still more glad that ur appeal was heeded.

Thank you.

JOHN BULL.

dr. WALTER RUNCIMAN, Board of ade: Thanks for promise of searching estigation into pepper gamble. Public ists on whole truth and nothing but th; let no one be shielded.—JOHN LL.

ss BERTHA HANN,
gsleigh, Hampshire

DEAR MISS HANN,—"On with the mot-, the paint and the powder, the public and must have their laugh"—did se lines ring in your mind when you yed the lead in opera with your make-up covering a terrible face wound inflicted by your dog?

Anyway, you played your part with the courage that one always expects from stage folk in trying circumstances. I hope you will soon recover from your injuries.

JOHN BULL.

Brig.-Gen. DALE,
Loddon, Norfolk

DEAR GENERAL,—You object to cleaning up a notorious refuse dump at Ditchingham because "there has not been excessive sickness in the parish."

How many cases of excessive illness, or deaths, would have to occur before you changed your opinion?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HORE-BELISHA,
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—Here's a chance for you to emulate Solomon's famous judgment.

Hereford City Council owns one side of Whitecross Road, the county council the other. The city council has restricted the speed limit on the road to thirty miles, but the county council refuses to make a limit.

What are you going to do about that?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. MAX BEVERIDGE,
Mayor of Abergavenny

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—Not long ago your corporation was lamenting a rise in the county rate and the increased burdens it would impose upon the already heavily taxed citizens.

Strange that you should choose such a time to spend £80 of their money on decking the councillors in gowns and cocked hats!

You say it is due to the dignity of the council that its members should be robed. They must be a poor lot if they can't be dignified without such extravagant trimmings.

JOHN BULL.

NOEL KNOTT, South London: I like generosity, but it's vanity to steal to cut a dash as you did, though your gifts to the poor show there is good in you.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. HELMUT SCHROEDER,
Gloucester

DEAR MADAM,—As you were married in 1930, it seems that your husband has taken four years over giving you a wedding gift.

But as it consisted of a distribution, just completed, of wireless sets to all the needy blind throughout Gloucestershire, the delay is forgivable.

May your joint happiness be commensurate with the happiness you have given to others.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. A. G. S. VANN,
Weekley, Northants

DEAR VICAR,—You don't drink much yourself, but you remember little refreshers your father used to have when he took you out fishing as a boy, and you hate to see the little hostelries close down. And so you appear in court to support the renewal of a licence.

A sin, some people will say. Sense, is my verdict.

JOHN BULL.

STANLEY METCALF,
Sunderland

METCALF,—You thanked Mr. Justice Atkinson for the lenience of the 12 months' sentence passed on you for seven offences of obtaining credit by fraud. And well you might do so, for your record is a bad one. The police stated that you had not been led away; you were the leader of others. But the judge apparently thought you should be given a chance to make good.

Take it, and show real gratitude in that way.

JOHN BULL.

Sir MALCOLM CAMPBELL,
Daytona, U.S.A.

DEAR SIR MALCOLM,—So you've done it again—and thereby proved once more your superb skill and courage, the excellence of "Blue Bird's" design and the fine work of the British engineers who built the car.

And once more I say—Well done!

JOHN BULL.

Miss MARY ROSE,
Willow Brook, Brentwood

DEAR MISS ROSE,—
Another Mary had a lamb
Which roamed about her home,
But you have one which followed you
To Abridge Aerodrome.

And there with you it flew on nigh
And showed no lack of pluck!
O modern Mary, modern lamb,
I wish you both good luck!

JOHN BULL.

PATRICK J. HEALEY,
Sheffield

HUMBUG,—You admit having constantly robbed Peter to pay Paul; worse still, you have obtained money by false pretences from people who could ill afford to lose a halfpenny.

During your year in jail you should turn your inventive mind to honest methods of raising money—so that you can pay back what you have so cunningly taken from your victims.

JOHN BULL.

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The new, fragrant, double-wrapped soap acclaimed everywhere!

Only on sale a few months, yet Eve is everywhere! Its amazing value was instantly recognised. A high-class, milk-white soap at only twopence a tablet! It didn't seem possible. But its fragrant perfume, its smooth and soothing lather, soon proved that Eve lived up to its attractive double wrapping.

EVE

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Dear Sirs,

For some months now I have had very restless nights, only sleeping for a very short time, but since I have taken Bourn-vita I have slept very much better, and I find it a most pleasant drink before going to bed . . . I cannot speak too highly of it.

I am,

Yours truly,

E. L. P. (Assistant Matron)

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★ **YOU TOO** can get the same help from Bourn-vita. It is rich in malt diastase, which helps you to digest your other food. And because Bourn-vita, more than other food drinks, assists and soothes digestion, you are able to sleep better and to wake up refreshed and full of energy.

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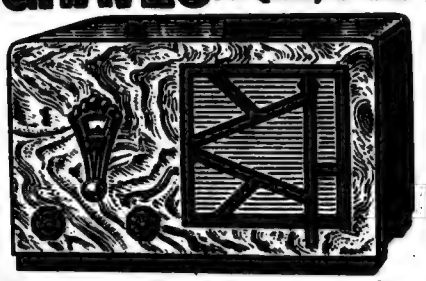

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BANISHES SKIN TROUBLES

The RACE to RUIN

"The competition in armaments will hurry Europe headlong into another catastrophe"

by A. G. Gardiner

—Germany's Fateful Choice

IT is said that the crusty philosopher Diogenes went out with a lantern in daylight to look for an honest man. He would need something very unusual in the shape of lanterns to-day if he wanted to discover hopeful news about this planet and the people on it.

The events of the past week have carried us back to the atmosphere of 1914. Mars is in the ascendent and Germany is once more on our nerves.

The race in armaments is in full swing abroad, and we have entered into it at home. The Navy Estimates are up by three and a half millions. The Army Estimates are up by four millions. The Air Estimates are up by three millions.

In all, ten and a half millions more taxation is to be clapped on to meet the cost of armaments—already far in excess of one hundred millions, or more than the total national expenditure a generation ago.

If the burden of all this falls on the taxpayer, the warning was addressed quite bluntly to Germany. So bluntly, in fact, that Herr Hitler promptly found he had a cold and called off his invitation to Sir John Simon to discuss peace with him in Berlin.

It was clumsy to indict Germany as the enemy of European peace just as we were sending our Foreign Secretary to Herr Hitler on a pacific mission. What the White Paper, initialed by Mr. MacDonald, said was true enough; but it ought not to have been said then, and certainly not by the Government.

I do not share the view of those who, in and out of Parliament, have charged the Government with raising a scare with a malign desire to justify an increase of armaments. I think the Government policy is mistaken, but I do not believe that Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain are such fools as to want to increase taxation for armaments for the sake of increasing it. Nor do I believe that they are less anxious for peace than their critics.

There is only too much ground for the disquiet about Germany which the White Paper expresses. I shall not be accused of being hostile to Germany. I have often been accused of the opposite.

I have held, and hold, that Germany was unjustly treated in the Peace and deplorably mishandled after the Peace. With sense and good will, we should have had an accommodation with Republican Germany, but for a dozen years, under the malign influence of Poincaré, we goaded Germany into despair. And out of that despair has emerged Hitler as the leader of a bitter, resentful and defiant Germany.

AND it is with that Germany, unfortunately, that we now have to reckon. It is a Germany which, having suffered as it suffered under Napoleon, is now swept by a fierce national and militarist revival like that which confronted Napoleon in 1813. Having been denied reasonable armaments, it is now rearming feverishly and furiously. Having had all its colonies taken away, it is consumed with ideas of expansion on the Continent.

The youth of the country is being indoctrinated with the gospel of war, and professional preachers of war like Banse are permitted to poison the universities with the most diabolical appeals to the war spirit. No one who listens in to the broadcast programmes from such centres as Munich can fail to be impressed by the fanatical passion of patriotism and militarism that is sweeping the country.

Nor can we ignore the fact that behind all this internal uprising an ominous shadow is beginning to take shape. Germany is out of the League and at issue with Europe. Japan is out of the League and at issue with Europe. Russia lies between, and it is Russia where vast territories offer expansion to both.

I loathe the Russian tyranny as much as I loathe the German tyranny. But that is beside the point. Russia is not the military menace of Europe, and what we have to envisage as we look into the near future is the possibility of an alliance between Germany and Japan.

The temptations to form such an alliance are obvious. Both are militaristic and believe in the gospel of Might. Both are intensely nationalistic. Neither has interests conflicting with the other, and Germany, having been deprived of her possessions in China, is naturally not concerned about the possessions of the Powers which are there and which were responsible for stripping her of her colonies.

Thus the follies done at Versailles are seen to have sown dragon's teeth that may bedevil the world for generations.

It will be apparent from all this that the ground for alarm expressed in the White Paper is clear enough. Germany is a menace, and while she is in her present mood the pacification of Europe is out of the question.

What is not apparent is that the threat of increasing armaments is the way to deal with her. Nothing is more certain than that such a challenge will be taken up, and that the consequent competition in armaments will hurry Europe headlong into another catastrophe which will complete the wreck of Continental civilisation that the Great War began.

Germany's rearmament, however advanced, is still far behind the force that would be opposed to her. She is without money, without a navy, without external resources, without allies, unless Poland is to be reckoned an ally. There is no need for panic and no need to despair of peace.

CERTAINLY it is no time to weaken in the cause for which we stand. That cause is the League of Nations and the collective organisation of Europe against the menace of war. Germany is outside that cause at present because she believes that Europe is organised against her and that she cannot get justice from the League.

We cannot deny that she has had reason for that belief. Let her be convinced that that reason no longer exists; that if she will take her place in the European system, return to Geneva, and throw in her hand with the Anglo-French air pact, she shall have absolute equality and the consideration of her just grievances under the Peace, such as the loss of her colonies.

She belongs to Europe and her prosperity is bound up with the prosperity of Europe. And in spite of her wave of nationalism and militarism, we must remember that Hitler's Germany is only half the German people. The other half is temporarily suppressed; but it is still there, and a great gesture of reconciliation from the League, and especially from Britain and France, would win its support.

This is the message, unaccompanied by that blundering indictment, which Sir John Simon should have taken to Herr Hitler last week-end. It has been postponed, but it should be delivered without delay. If Germany receives it in the right spirit, there will be no question of increasing our armaments. If she rejects it she will have declared herself the Public Enemy of Europe, and we and Europe at large will have to accept the fact and act accordingly.

OT FROM THE B.B.C.

F, though married, you'd be happy,
List, to Dr. Po-pe-noe;
He's a very learned chappie,
What he says should therefor
go";
ke his tip, if you're a brave man:
orn the methods of the Cave Man!

ures, carefully presented,
Says the Doctor, prove the fact
at those homes are most contented
Where as he-men husbands act;
mes connubial disaster
en the mistress is the master!

One of the secrets of a happy married e is that the man should be the domi-ing partner. So says Dr. Paul Popenoe, the Institute of Family Relations, in ole Noo Yark.

But while a Sheik of Araby may play e dominating male in the pages of a el, woe betide the common or garden-husband who attempts it in Merrie gland, where the hand that rocks the dle rules the roost.

Under English law the husband is re-rded as head of the house, and this oud position carries with it such privi-es as responsibility for his wife's debts, ts and income-tax.

o if a husband throws his weight but, his wife can reply by throwing his ney about by pledging his credit. If adopts the tactics of a he-man she resort with those of a she-cat, by ril slandering her dearest enemy, know-that if damages are awarded against her it is the dominant male who will have to foot the bill.

While the "man-made" Law thus remains an ass the wise husband will prefer to remain a worm rather than risk suffering those legal wrongs which are included among women's "rights."

Fortunately, few women take advantage of their full legal rights. This, if we are to believe Dr. Popenoe, is because they welcome a touch of the iron hand in the velvet glove. "When the man dominates marriage," says the doctor, "he is greatly aided by the fundamental disposition in most women to admire the strong, dominant man."

This view is, of course, supported by an impressive assortment of spinster novelists. But methods of male dominance which are, seemingly, popular in the Garden of Allah are rarely resorted to in the garden of "Mon Repos"—which, perhaps, is why many a female, whose ideas of Life (with a capital L) have been derived from strong novels written by weak women and wild films acted by tame men, feels that there is something lacking in her existence:—

Of course, I'm fond of Edward, for he's
very good and kind,
And always pays the rent and household
bills,
But to his faults of character I really can't
be blind,
So life's distressingly devoid of thrills.

Missing Cave Men

I've tried to "rouse the brute in him";
I've tried to make him act
Like heroes I have worshipped on the
screen;
And once he seized the broom and I felt
sure I'd be attacked—
But he merely took a straw his pipe to
clean!

Some girls have lots of fun, but poor dear
Edward's such a clown,
He never tries to use the slightest force;
He never once has flung me 'cross his
saddle, upside down—
In fact, he doesn't even own a horse!

I've often tried to show him I'm a wilful
thing and wild,
In hope that he would set about to tame
His erring Angelina; but he is so very
mild,
He merely grins and asks me, "What's
the game?"

By heroes on the films I've seen a brand-
ing-iron employed
To "dominate" a woman. This must
be
A wonderful sensation, but it's not one
I've enjoyed—
For Edward's never once done that to
me!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS. Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, famous make, 12/9 doz.; sell at 1/6 pr. Gent's Heather ½-hose, 3/6 doz.; sell at 6d. pr. Ladies' O.S. Interlock Vests, 8/9 doz.; sell at 1/3 each. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind, for Spare-time Agent and Shopkeeper. 176-page Catalogue free.—May (125), Birmingham.

88-PAGE 1935 Wholesale Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest prices. All depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household, Boots and Shoes. Satisfaction gntd. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

£5 A WEEK EASILY EARNED selling Drapery. Send for Wholesale Catalogue, cheapest house in the Trade.—ARCHER'S, LTD., 44, CASTLE GATE, NOTTINGHAM

KEEN Wholesale Price List Free. Smallwares, Hosiery, U'wear, Toilet Goods, Stationery, etc.—Fox Bros., Dept. J., 36, Thomas St., M'chester 4.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

£5 CASH BONUS & Half Profit. Either Sex, anywhere, selling 1/- lines. Free samps. Write for partics., Letherbee, Broad St. Chams., Bath, Som.

ORGANISERS REQUIRED Spare Time Occupation. Liberal Commission.—Write for full particulars Box No. 12, SPOTTISWOODE'S, REGENT HOUSE, KINGSWAY, W.C.2.

READERS' attention is drawn to the Great Universal Stores Bargain Offer on page 35. Fill in the coupon to learn how you can obtain money in your leisure hours by forming a Club among your friends. The coupon will bring you full particulars.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, LONDON; or 268, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., Birmingham. 95,000 successful pupils.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1935 (FREE). Contains information on pay, prospects and Entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 802), 29, Oxford Street, London.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist.—Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

CIVIL SERVICE, G.P.O. Engineers, Customs and Excise, Inspector of Taxes; no experience required; open examination; vacancies regularly available, ages 17-24. — Full particulars, with personal advice free.—Dept. 149, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (No experience required.) Commencing £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam.—B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police. Study at home in your spare time. We have special courses for entrance and promotion; 1/- per week brings success. Full particulars free or advice about other careers—Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, free. Dept. 149, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

SALES VACANCIES. Every year some 4,000 new men enter selling positions to replace retirements, etc. You can quickly qualify, through interesting spare time study, to receive introductions to outdoor SALARIED sales positions. We have placed in good posts hundreds of men without past sales experience. Send to-day for your FREE copy of 28-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," to THE WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, LTD., 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The 1935 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams, etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex, ages 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO and MOTOR ENGINEERING are expanding rapidly. There are lots of vacancies. Our postal courses will make you eligible. Advice on all careers Free.—DEPT 149, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 6s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.—Splendid opportunities for both sexes, age 15 to 24. No experience required. Details of vacancies, salaries, open exams., etc., for all Branches, from N.T.O. (Dept. 31), 335, High Holborn, W.C.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING (lowest prices). Catalogues, Magazines, Schedules, Price Lists, Dup. Books, all Stationery, etc. Samples 2d.—Mead's (60) Sandy.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CHEAP PRINTING! — Dup. Books from 1/- each; Billheads from 2/6 1,000; Cards, Memos, Samps. free. Pearson's, 164, New Rd., Portsmouth.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, also Jubilee Goods, etc. Send for free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

CHINA 120 articles. Jugs, Plates, Cups, Scrs., Mugs, &c., 10/-. 1,000 dinner sets FREE. 48 Cups & Scrs., 4/- Glass & Hd'ware Col. Catlg. & Guide worth £5, FREE. BridgeSt. Pottery, Dept. 9, Burslem.

WALLPAPERS from 3d. ROLL. NEW 1935 Designs. Patterns Post Free.—BRUCE AND HALL (J.B.), SOUTH SHIELDS.

A SPECIAL OFFER of Flannel Trousers. You can obtain "University" Flannels for 4/11 from the G.B.S. Service Company. This bargain is advertised in the "Shop Window," page 3.

A SHOE BARGAIN for Men. A special advertising offer is made by Messrs. Nuttall's in the "Shop Window," page 3. You should send for this bargain NOW.

EVERY EXPECTANT MOTHER should send 2/- for my Baby-clothes parcel on appro. The complete 75-garment Home-made Layette for 30/- (Cash payment or Terms). Carrying Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, L'cloth or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper, Vests, Flannels, Woollies, Petts, Napkins, etc. A superior nursing home quality, 42/-. Also tucking sets, 18/6 and 25/-. — MRS. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Royal Enfield Cycle advt. on p. 31, for a free catalogue explaining all about Enfield Cycles, which can be obtained on easy terms of 7/- weekly.

THIS TOILET ROLL WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

Money requires too much earning these days to spend it carelessly. That is why many housewives will be glad to learn of Capensis, which, although it costs only 3d., contains in every roll no fewer than 300 sheets of delightfully soft and soothing paper. But not only is Capensis extremely GOOD paper, it is also guaranteed to be pure and aseptic. This means that no matter what price you pay, or whether you buy medicated paper or not, it is impossible to buy a toilet roll that is safer in use. Why not ask for Capensis—YOU WILL SAVE MONEY.

Capensis is obtainable from most Grocers, Stores, Stationers, Hardware Merchants, Chemists, etc.

Made only by
BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO. LTD., HACKNEY WICK - - LONDON, E.9.
Established over 50 years and the largest makers of Toilet Rolls in the United Kingdom.

Say CA-PEN-SIS

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons. List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 228, Mile End Road, LONDON.

WALLPAPERS (All British).—Free Book 1935 newest designs by return post.—Eclipse Wallpapers, Shields Road, Newcastle/Tyne.

SECTIONAL BUILDINGS erected for purchasers. All types, including Greenhouses, Garages, Huts, Bungalows, supplied on easy terms. Send for free list to C. Albert & Co., (Dept. J.B.), 187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

CYCLES FROM FACTORY TO BUYER. A Manufacturer's announcement appears in the centre of page 2. Note what you save, and the low weekly payments for those wishing to buy on terms. Mention *John Bull* when writing to the firm, Messrs. Moorhouses.

BIG BEDDING BALE BARGAIN. Readers sending 20/- to the Paton Mill Co. will receive the complete Bale described in the advertisement top of page 3.

AN ELECTRIC COMB claimed to give hair new life, health and beauty is advertised in this week's "Shop Window," page 3. It costs only 5/-, and there is a handbag size for 3/-. Mention *John Bull* when writing for this novelty.

PERM. your own hair with the JANET Waving Outfit. It only costs 9d., plus 3d. part cost postage. Full instructions, together with money-back guarantee will come by return for the coupon, which should be completed on page 31.

FREE BOOKLET.—Makers of New World Gas Cookers offer every housewife and cook a free copy of the Radiation Cookery Book, which contains dozens of menus to choose from. Simply fill in the coupon on page 25 and be sure to address to Radiation, Ltd. (Publications Dept. 54/5C), 164, Queen Victoria St., Ldn., E.C.4.

WRITE at once or fill in the coupon on p. 30 for full particulars (free) of the ELECTROLUX Hygienic Cleaning System. The coupon will bring an attractive illustrated booklet explaining all about this Electrolux Sweeper.

FREE.—Housewives, here's good news! Fill in the coupon in the Hoover advt. on p. 23 for free illustrated booklet describing the new Hoover model, which says good-bye to all old-fashioned methods of carpet sweeping and the drudgery of hands and knees behind dustpan and brush. Your Spring-cleaning is getting nearer and nearer. Get particulars of the Hoover Junior, the new model that will be the sensation of the cleaner industry in 1935.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from 42/-. 7/- monthly. Benjos, Guitars, Drums, Trumpets, all Accessories, etc. 1935 46-p. cat. free.—Terms, RAYMOND, J.B., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WHOOPING COUGH. — VAPO-CRESOLENE, the surest, safest, best-known and quickest form of relief. Write for Booklet No. 45P. to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

CEPHOS quickly soothes Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago. The remedy of a Harley Street Physician. Perfectly safe, does not affect the heart. In Powders or Tablets. Send p.c. for Free Sample to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (4528); 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive Cure by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 34/38, Codnor, Derby.

WEAK NERVES.—If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send for my free book.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.15), 40 Lamb's Conduit St., WC1

ALL KINDS of Rupture, Elastic Trusses and Appliances from 12/6. Free Trusses for National Health insured persons. Read the advertisement of C. A. Macbeth on page 2

FREE to Rheumatic Sufferers! Everybody who is subject to Rheumatism, Lumbago or Sciatica should drink plenty of hot water with a teaspoonful of "Limestone" Phosphate added to it. A generous free trial supply can be obtained from W. L. Dodge, Ltd. (Prop. Z 21), Braydon Road, London, N.16.

KILL Catarrh quickly! Turn to the amazing free offer on p. 33 and fill in the coupon for generous sample of Dr. Singha Brand Catarrh Cure.

ASTHMA CONQUERED! Generous free samples of Dr. Singha's Asthma Cure are offered in the announcement on page 33. Fill in the coupon and enclose necessary coin to cover postage, etc.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a liberal free trial bottle of D.D.D. Brand Lotion. There is nothing to equal this for a natural spotless complexion. It cleanses the skin and cures all skin troubles. —Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.16, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4. See page 12.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Artificial Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. BENTLEY & CO., 65, New Bond St., Ldn., W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

FREE.—A specimen copy of "The Exchange and Mart," 5,000 Bargains weekly.—Send postcard to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per month. No references required, even from non-householders. Call or write to Dept. M246 for Ladies' Spring Catlg., also Gentlemen's Catlg.—SMARTWEAR, LTD., 263-271, Regent St., Ldn., W.1

CHINA.—18 p.c. Teasets 1/11. Crates of Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, etc. 10/-. Amazing gifts and List FREE.—Direct Potterv, 19, Burslem.

"JOHN BULL" Readers wishing to learn Boxing should accept Jack Doyle's offer announced at the foot of page 3.

IN the ATORA Recipe Book which is offered free on the front cover there are more than 100 tested recipes of particular interest to every housewife. Send a postcard to-day for a copy post free from Hugon & Co., Manchester. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

FREE testing packet of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 33. Send 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.

PARENTS and those interested in children should not overlook the £1,000 cash prize competition announced on p. 27. First prize of £100 cash will be awarded to the boy or girl who gives, in the opinion of competent judges, the most aptly worded reasons for eating plenty of Bread. There are numerous other cash prizes. Entries should be sent in on ordinary postcard, and not more than thirty words should be used. Address to Competition Dept. "D," The Millers' Mutual Association, 40, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3.

BY special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper can obtain a de Luxe Beauty Outfit, containing TOKALON preparations. Simply send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage packing, etc., to Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 222H) Grace Road, London, N.W.10. This offer appears on p. 33.

A FREE gift booklet is issued by ROWNTREE'S, which illustrates the many valuable gifts given away in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write at once to Dept. XD.7, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York, for your free copy. Many children's gifts appear in the booklet. See p. 22.

HAVE you read the open letter to parents by Mr. Bennett, of the Bennett College, Sheffield, on page 10? Do so now! A free copy of a famous book, "The Human Machine," can be obtained on application to the Bennett College.

ALL the goodness that go into the making of CHEF SOUPS are of the finest. When buying tinned soups, rely upon a name that is a guarantee of purity. See that you get CHEF SOUPS, which contain the finest fresh, ripened vegetables that money can buy, and only 4½d. per large tin! The family tin, price 6d., makes eight great platefuls. Turn to p. 24.

FREE samples of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are offered in the advt. on page 33. Simply enclose a 1d. stamp for postage and address Cuticura (Dept. 78.BO), Rowlett & Phillips, Ltd., 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

NAIL-BITING. A real cure at last. If you are, or your child is, addicted to this objectionable and health-endangering habit, send for the free explanatory booklet mentioned in the advt. of Filtex, Ltd., on page 4

Where is his GOLD MINE?

A bouquet for Lord Justice Roche, who when Mr. Justice Roche, sent Distleman to jail in connection with a share-pushing charge

Audacious Financier's Queer Offer

DURING the last few days we have been receiving enquiries concerning some interesting circulars which have been issued to investors in different parts of the country.

They have emanated from a person named James Wilson, who is described on his notepaper as a "Stock and Share Broker and Dealer," with headquarters at Regent Street, London.

Many people receiving the circulars would, from the nature of their contents alone, throw them into the waste-paper basket. But, unfortunately, despite all the warnings we have issued from time to time concerning the operations of other firms of stock and share brokers, there are still countless men and women who will undoubtedly be impressed by them.

James Wilson has a great secret. How long he has been in possession of it he does not say, but although he asserts that it is a most valuable one, he is much too generous to keep it all to himself.

He wants the people he has circularised, and who have never heard of him before, and do not know how he got hold of their names and addresses, to join with him in his good fortune.

James Wilson says he knows of a gold mine which is on the eve of production. A certain company owning it, which, curiously enough, is not named in his circulars, "owns outright their property."

The mine in question has, Wilson adds, been developed over a period of two years (approximately), and "part production" is now in progress.

Everything seems to be doing so well, too, that the unnamed company expects to be in full production, and paying dividends, in April/May, 1935.

Note that! So soon are these dividends expected that James Wilson's circulars are being issued in immediate anticipation.

Up till now no public money has been permitted to be put into the venture.

The money already spent on developing the mine to "its present production" has been found by the company's directors and their friends privately. "The enterprise is being backed," says Mr. Wilson, "by some of the most influential and successful men in the whole of England."

Excellent reading, this, for people who have a little capital and must get in quickly if they want to participate in some of the promised April-May dividends!

But one is left in the dark—at any rate as far these unsolicited circulars are concerned—as to the reason why, if everything is really as good as it sounds, "the most influential and successful men in the whole of England" want a firm of James Wilson's type to find investors in this crude fashion.

Nevertheless, Mr. Wilson himself holds very strong views on the profitable nature of the scheme. "Personally," he writes, "I believe, upon information I have in hand, that these shares will appreciate substantially within a very short period of time. . . ."

Timely warning

"I have sent you this letter," he concludes, "to try and succeed in making a satisfied client of you, and for that reason I am trying to bring these shares to your notice."

And he very generously sends, free, gratis and for nothing, a printed postcard to be returned by all would-be clients who are interested in his offer.

A few enquiries made about Mr. James Wilson and some of the associates with whom he has been mixing of late have furnished some interesting particulars, and we hope we shall be in time in warning all who receive any circulars about this or similar offers from Mr. Wilson's office to be very cautious indeed in having anything to do with them.

To all outward appearances Mr. Wilson himself has plenty of money. He employs a chauffeur and has been driving about London and elsewhere during the past few weeks in two cars, frequenting the best hotels.

The offices he occupies in Regent Street have only recently been tenanted by him, and the firm over which he presides is one of very recent birth.

Open boast

This is not surprising when we reveal that Mr. James Wilson is in reality a man who has for some time been notorious in share circles as an accomplished "salesman" of the type who can talk impressively about any project in which he is interested.

Not long ago he was staying in a luxurious suite at a famous West End hotel in which his own cocktail bar was fitted up.

At that particular time he came under the notice of Scotland Yard detectives in connection with the sale of shares to people who subsequently complained that the anticipated profits had not been forthcoming as intimated.

Wilson has often chartered an aeroplane to and from Paris for the purpose of carrying out his pressing business deals.

At the present time one of his closest associates is a Mr. Albert Distleman, who likewise enjoys a bad reputation in share-dealing and other circles, and who is a constant visitor to the Regent Street office.

In one phase of Distleman's career he appeared, in connection with share-pushing charges, at Lewes Assizes. That was a year ago, and, with two other men, was found guilty by Lord Justice (then Mr. Justice) Roche and sent to jail.

Innocent plea

Distleman's plea on this occasion was that he was only the servant of worse offenders "higher up," and that the part he had played in the alleged conspiracy was a perfectly innocent one.

Distleman, who is known in the underworld as "Hubby," and was formerly a bookmaker, alleged that he had only acted as a chauffeur to other men named in the charges, and, though he had permitted his house to be used for certain interviews, he himself took no part in the discussions.

The evidence against him proved otherwise, however, and his defence failed.

Distleman has been associated with dubious financiers for years, and has been in trouble with the police on many occasions.

James Wilson, otherwise Major James Wilson, has also been exposed in Australia in connection with some of his stock and share deals carried out there.

Be careful!

In view of these facts, and the added knowledge that he has come under the notice of Scotland Yard more than once during investigations into complaints made about share speculations, it is clear that the utmost caution, to say the least, is most desirable on the part of any readers who might be tempted to take all Wilson says for granted and have dealings with him without knowing something of his past achievements.

It would be interesting to know how much money he would be prepared to sink himself in the gold mining company he professes to know all about, and which he is so anxious and willing to share with people he has never met!

TIME THEIR ENEMY

A LOCAL train was delayed a few minutes recently and nine lives were lost in consequence. An hour's delay in the arrival of reinforcements and Napoleon lost Waterloo.

Gordon was lost because the relief expedition arrived a few days too late. Scott, held back a week by blizzard, found Amundsen had just managed to reach the South Pole before him.

On every page of history you will find the story of a tragedy of delay.

Have you ever been a victim of it? Count yourself fortunate if you have not, for in the make-up of almost every man and woman there is to be found a desire to put off doing important things a little longer.

No doubt it entered the mind of an Edinburgh woman recently when she took up her pen to send a slip of paper to John Bull. How much easier it would have seemed to put it off till next week.

Lucky for her that she didn't, as things turned out.

Fire spread from her kitchen grate to the clothing. Soon the fiery track extended to furniture near. In a matter of minutes the whole contents of the room were involved, and it took the local fire brigade an hour of frenzied pumping to fight down the outbreak.

Then what a heartbreaking spectacle confronted the husband and wife who found the cost of bringing up three children a heavy enough drain on their resources.

We said she was lucky. Her luck lay in not delaying sending away that slip of paper.

It registered her for protection under John Bull's unique free insurance scheme, and although it was only received a week before the fire we paid for the damage as cheerfully as if she had been qualified for years.

A week's delay . . . what a tragedy it might have meant! Are you going to run the risk?

The slip of paper she sent is re-published on page 16 to-day, so that you can act immediately. Just sign it and post it now—before you find yourself bemoaning: "If only I hadn't put it off!"

A WONDER WORK!

Next week's issue of John Bull will make a contribution to Jubilee Year history. Every reader will be given an opportunity to secure a wonderful new Presentation work that will thrill and enthrall—a work that will make the eyes of young people open wide with wonder and those of an earlier generation dim with memories. Make certain of next week's John Bull and look out for the double-page announcement of this unique Presentation.

Are *YOU* careless about your lavatory?

Harpic makes it so easy to keep the lavatory-pan clean, so that there is no excuse for being thought "careless." Just sprinkle Harpic at night, then, without unpleasant brushing, your lavatory-pan will be spotlessly fresh and sanitary. Free from all germs and odours. Harpic reaches round the bend in the pipe where brush cannot ever get. Don't use dangerous acids — use Harpic. In **NEW EASY-FLOW TIN.** 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

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6/- NOW

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"Mascot" provides effective treatment at the onset of an attack. Take it out of your vest pocket or handbag. Dampen the little finger and touch each nostril. Inhale its powerful germicidal properties. Relief comes instantly. Use it regularly for a few days and all distressing catarrhal symptoms will disappear. Once used always carried.

1/3 A larger size in neat metal container, price 2/-.

From Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all leading Chemists or direct from MASCOT LABORATORIES, PERTH.

The little finger-tip dose.

Lurking PERILS

IN taking a kettle off the fire she slipped . . . and fell. The accident proved fatal. That is the simple story of how Mrs. Lunt, of 34, Manchester Road, Buxton, came by her death. But the very simplicity of the story emphasises the dangers that lurk in the simplest of domestic tasks. A thousand times and more had she lifted the kettle from the fire—taken the same few steps in safety. Then, without warning, came tragedy.

To the widower, JOHN BULL has dispatched a cheque for the benefit provided under JOHN BULL'S comprehensive Free Family Insurance Gift.

In looking into the history of JOHN BULL'S Insurance Gift, one is struck by the number of readers who have lost their lives whilst carrying out the simplest and seemingly the safest of homely occupations.

Hanging out the clothes—laying down lino—washing paintwork—scrubbing the floor—cooking the dinner . . . the "common round and daily task" is so often the background for a tragedy that ends fatally.

Not only against accidents in home and garden, but also against sports accidents, children's accidents, loss by theft arising from burglary and housebreaking and other dangers, JOHN BULL covers you free. JOHN BULL is also the *only* paper in the world to safeguard your precious belongings against Fire, Storm and Flood—the *only* paper to pay Sickness Benefits (as specified)—the *only* paper to add a welcome Bonus of 10 per cent. to all benefits paid to registered readers of more than three months' standing.

Risk of accident is not always apparent—danger often lurks in the most unsuspected places—in the most trivial of tasks—in the most ordinary circumstances. None are immune. If you have not already done so, sign the forms below now . . . just in case . . .

"JOHN BULL"—the only paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

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To (Name of Newsagent).....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 16/3/35

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Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.....

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..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 16/3/35

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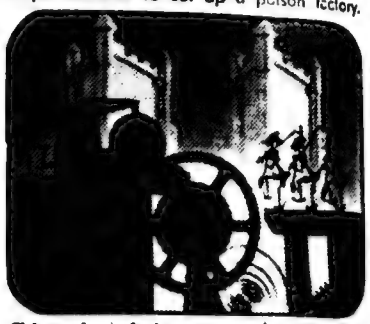
'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

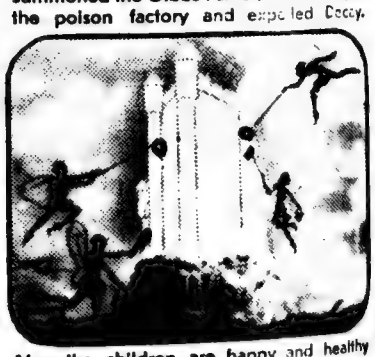
How the Gibbs Fairies saved the Children's health

Once these children wouldn't clean their teeth properly, so two horrid little decay imps decided to set up a poison factory.



This poison factory pumped nasty poison on to every bit of food the children ate. They did look ill and miserable.

Then teacher told them about Gibbs, so they summoned the Gibbs Fairies, who destroyed the poison factory and expelled Decay.



Now the children are happy and healthy because Gibbs twice a day keeps their Ivory Castles so clean no poison can settle.

Gibbs Dentifrice makes teeth white and lovely for the present and safe for the future. Its fragrant antiseptic foam kills germs, dissolves film, washes away everything that could cause decay. Teeth are polished safely. The entire mouth refreshed and purified. Change to Gibbs today.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles defend them with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS

SOLID CAKES In Tins, 7½d, 1/-, 1/6. Refills 11d.

TOOTH PASTE In Tubes . . . 6d & 1/-

G.D.10.S

MONSTROUS SEQUEL to COUNCIL'S ORDER

Evicted . . HOMES Destroyed!

Mr. and Mrs. Rainbow, whose property was so wilfully destroyed by orders of the Stanley Urban District Council

A WHOLE town should never be made to suffer from the plain misconduct of its governors. It would be the greatest travesty of justice if such a thing were permitted.

Yet, unhappily, it may happen in the township of Stanley, County Durham, unless this protest by JOHN BULL is given immediate consideration by the higher authorities in Whitehall.

Very truly the members of the Stanley Urban District Council have plunged themselves into a most uncomfortable position. But, on the face of the facts, the councillors deserve no sympathy, for they have been guilty of the most ruthless and unnecessary destruction of private property.

The victim of this piece of official tyranny is a Mr. James Reeve Rainbow, of Clifford Road, Stanley, and that he has a real grievance will be apparent when we recount the whole scandalous story.

For many years there has been a serious house shortage in Stanley. Indeed, so acute was the problem in 1933 that many working-class families were living in caravans and temporary dwellings on the outskirts of the town.

One of the landlords who assisted in providing emergency homes was Mr. J. R. Rainbow. He owned five caravans, which were placed on a piece of his own land, and he allowed tenants to live in them.

Drastic evictions

In course of time a new housing scheme of 544 cottages was completed, and then the Stanley district councillors decided that occupation of caravans and temporary dwellings in their area should no longer be permitted.

Drastic evictions took place in October, 1933. More than 100 people were turned out of their caravan homes, and had to be temporarily housed in a public hall.

When this happened we strongly criticised the policy of the Stanley Council in uprooting these unfortunate families, when there was still an insufficiency of new houses in the district.

At the caravan settlement of Mr. Rainbow, however, all the occupants moved out in a proper manner, when informed that they were under orders from the Council to quit. The caravans were left empty, securely locked, with their windows boarded up, still standing on Mr. Rainbow's land.

But this, apparently, was not enough to meet the requirements of the Stanley Urban Council. One morning a bailiff—acting on the instructions of the Council—arrived at Mr. Rainbow's property, with a score of assistants and four motor lorries loaded with various implements, such as crowbars and axes.

There and then, entry to the compound was forced. A gatepost was broken and part of the fence knocked down, and removal was made of all but one of the caravans. The vans held furniture and fittings, but no care was taken of this interior equipment. The vans were hauled away to a waste dump and left derelict. It happened, incidentally, that the vans were later broken into and belongings of Mr. Rainbow stolen.

Wanton damage

The remaining caravan—a heavy, elaborate affair, which cost more than £300—could not be moved, because the wheels had sunk into the soft ground. So the van was deliberately smashed to atoms by the bailiff's men. It was left a pile of débris. The orders of the Stanley Urban District Council had been duly executed.

Visualise that scene on a windy, wet morning of October, and the demolition which ensued, and then you will appreciate the indignation of Mr. Justice Atkinson, the learned judge of the Durham Assize, when an action for damages by Mr. Rainbow against the Stanley Council was brought before him.

He denounced the Council in most scathing terms, declaring that it had used its powers with a wanton and unnecessary disregard for the interests of the plaintiff in destroying property worth hundreds of pounds.

"Unforgivable"

"It is a wholly unforgivable thing," said the judge, "that they proceeded to smash one van to bits. There is no dispute about it that it was so smashed up, that it was left a heap of perfectly valueless matchwood.

"The fixtures and fittings were undoubtedly taken out of the big van, but the other vans which were removed out of the yard and left on a tip were left there for anybody to rob if they wished."

Important points accepted at the trial were that, at the time of the eviction, the caravans most certainly were not "occupied temporary buildings" within the meaning of the Public Health Amendment Act; that they had stood on Mr. Rainbow's land for a number of years, and that no complaints had been made against them by the sanitary inspector of the Stanley Council when they *were occupied*.

Moreover, there was no intention for the vans ever to be used again as temporary dwellings. The approach to them was securely locked, and Mr. Rainbow had, in fact, entered into negotiations for the sale of two of the vans. The five caravans originally cost their owner £800.

In our opinion the eviction and destruction of the caravans was a scandalous abuse of the Parliamentary powers vested in a local authority. Statutory powers cannot be exercised in this reckless fashion without punishment, and the Stanley councillors must face the penalty of damages and costs which have been imposed on them.

We congratulate Mr. Justice Atkinson on his frank, outspoken remarks, when he described the action of the Council as "wicked and most high-handed."

"I cannot understand it that any Council would act like this," said the judge. "Had the Council no better way than this of treating a man who had helped their housing difficulties? The caravans, at any rate, were doing no harm by standing there without people living in them."

Far-reaching issues

Damages to the extent of £560 and costs have been awarded in favour of Mr. Rainbow, and now the question arises: From whose pockets is this money to come?

We say emphatically that it must not come from the public rates. An extra rate of 4d. in the £ would be involved, and it is surely unfair that this extra burden should be imposed because of the councillors' high-handed folly.

And now more far-reaching issues are at stake.

Following the scandalous experience of Mr. Rainbow, other proceedings are likely to be taken against the Stanley Urban District Council in relation to past evictions. The Council may be faced with a series of actions.

Consequently, the final bill of damages and costs may amount to a very considerable sum; far more than the £560 and costs awarded to Mr. Rainbow.

Rough on ratepayers

So the predicament of the Stanley Urban District Council is indeed a sorry one.

With overwhelming clearness, however, the issue stands: The councillors must not be permitted to cast the financial responsibilities of their ruthless and ill-advised evictions on the ratepayers of the town.

We recommend that the Ministry of Health watch events at Stanley with the closest attention.

BLUFFER *in Gold Braid*

HOUSEWIVES in suburban districts should be on the look-out for an individual wearing a gold-braided peaked cap, who poses as an authority on drains and sanitation.

He was in Carshalton, the other day, with another man in blue dungarees at his heels. According to himself he was touring the neighbourhood with the full sanction of the local urban district council.

His stock-in-trade consisted of long poles, with iron spoons or scoops, and certain other effects which lent colour to his story that he had been instructed to attend to the drains.

A card he presented bore the name of the Universal Sanitary Co., of Westbrooke Road, Welling, Kent, and the scale of charges for performing the tasks in hand ranged from 1s. 6d. to 10s. Other services in the field of sanitation might cost up to half-a-crown.

One housewife, under the impression that the gold-braided "inspector" was actually authorised by the local council, paid over 10s., and was privileged to watch the man in blue dungarees at work.

When they had finished, the "inspector" informed her that her drains were henceforth guaranteed for twelve months.

But the representatives of the Universal Sanitation Co. were in a hurry. They had a further appointment two doors along the road. Ten minutes after they had first knocked at her door, the experts sauntered away, the richer by the fee she had paid.

The fact is that it is no uncommon thing to find house drains temporarily obstructed, but, when this happens, the local authority itself undertakes the work at a purely nominal cost.

The "gold-braided" inspector in this instance was an impostor, who had no right to represent that he had been authorised to make his fee-snatching visitation.

When the householder reported his experience to his local sanitary inspector, he received definite enlightenment on this score.

"This man had no authority or connection with the Council in the matter."

Householders everywhere should read, mark and learn.

Write to—

JOHN BULL

—*About It!*

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What's in a name?

In almost every product one brand is the best of its kind. In MacLean Stomach Powder the name is "OPAS." Dr. HUGH MacLean, the originator of MacLean Stomach Powder, published his formula without proprietary rights and without financial gain to himself, so that his remarkable discovery might reach the greatest possible number of sufferers. To-day, therefore, any manufacturer is at liberty to make up MacLean Stomach Powder and sell it under his own name. Many do. Some are reliable, others are not. Why is it that so many discerning people choose "OPAS" Brand? There are two indisputable reasons. First, they know that "OPAS" Brand is Dr. HUGH MacLean's formula and the prescription is printed on every packet—a constant reminder that when it claims to relieve **Indigestion, Acidity, Flatulence, Heartburn and Headache,** "OPAS" Brand substantiates its claims. Secondly, they know that "OPAS" Brand is **offered at prices within the reach of everyone.**

POPULAR SIZE	7½d
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If ever you suffer from stomach troubles of any kind, insist on "OPAS" Powder—for all the good reasons we have already given you. Get it from your Chemist.

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THE RIGHT BRAND AT THE RIGHT PRICE

MAC LEAN
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BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT.
Price 1'6
Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3.
Sold everywhere.

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For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc

No MORE GREY HAIR

If grey hairs are beginning to show, you will look think how old you will look when they multiply. Retain the youthful colour by applying Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, clean—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. R. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN
BRITISH OWNED & MADE EXTRACT

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham CHILDS

Sun-Ray Healer's Impudent SCHEME

A reputable ray-treatment centre such as that at Queensway Hall, Battersea, will benefit sufferers much more than Mrs. Lyne's

I HAVE to add another name to my extensive records of unorthodox and curious medical establishments, that of the London Health Institute, of Premier House, Southampton Row, London.

Recently, the Institute opened the doors of its well-furnished suite of rooms to patients, and has been busy of late circulating its propaganda literature. An astonishing field is claimed to be covered by this new pseudo-medical clinic, and there appears to be little in the way of human ailment or disability that the Institute practitioners will not tackle.

From a descriptive booklet I learn that the London Health Institute has been formed "to bring within the reach of everyone all the most modern and scientific curative treatments of disease known and approved by the medical faculty."

Departments of the self-styled Institute make an impressive array: Physio-Therapy, Diathermy, Electrostat, Morton Smart unit, Manipulative Surgery, Psychology, Neurology, X-ray and Dietetics.

So ambitious are the pretensions of the London Health Institute that I propose to quote from its printed prospectus. For example, "a world-famed Psychologist" gives treatment for *all* functional nervous disorders. "He has had," it is claimed, "great success with many cases which have been given up as hopeless by others.

"Here are a few of the unusual types that he has taken successfully: Epilepsy, dipsomania, kleptomania, certain forms of mental derangement, aphasia and aphonia (different forms of loss of speech), drug addiction, brain-storms, all kinds of bad habits, fear complex and neurosis of all kinds."

The electrical department of the Institute is—according to the prospectus—rather exceptional. There the patient can secure ray treatments with ultra violet, infra red, Morton Smart unit for graduated muscular contractions, diathermy, sun-ray, which are claimed "to cure or alleviate certain conditions of neuritis, rheumatism, arthritis, constipation, indigestion, obesity, all kinds of paralysis, deafness, loss of speech, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, asthma, tennis elbow, warts and corns."

Amazing enterprise

In addition there is a foot clinic where "flat feet can definitely be restored to the normal in the majority of cases."

After so much of what can or may be done at the London Institute of Health, it is rather refreshing to read the announcement that "*The Institute does not undertake maternity cases.*"

To secure the full "privilege" of this wonderful Institute one must become a member, at a subscription of £1 5s. a year, with the addition of fees, at a reduced scale, for any or all the treatments purchased.

But membership is not an essential to participation in the "advantages" of the Institute, for "members of the general public are treated whenever possible."

Should there be any difficulty over the payment of fees then an "almoners' department" comes into operation, "and, where necessary, arranges sympathetic terms."

And now I come to a really amazing side of the London Institute of Health. Not content merely with treating members and patients for an infinite variety of bodily and mental troubles, the Institute dashes into domestic and social enterprises.

"Service" is a separate heading of the Institute prospectus, and under it there follows this remarkable entry:

"The Institute has a fine Service Side to its activities. This department is in charge of a very capable gentleman who studies the requirements of Institute members and tries to meet them in every way.

"Should you need a house, rooms, or flat, wish to go for a cruise, or even an ordinary railway journey, write to the service department.

"If you should want a job, or a business, he will help even in this matter, and, of course, the service is free.

"A list of reputable traders give a discount varying from 5 per cent. to 15 per cent. on production of membership cards." Really a most amazing combination—treatment of difficult and alarming disorders on the one hand, with house agency, ticket-selling and a kind of bargain-basement on the other!

The concern is a purely business one, registered at the Business Names Office, with a Gwen Wynne Betty Lyne, of 28, Upper Bedford Place, London, as the sole proprietor.

The object of the business is set down as being "remedial exercises and chiropody."

Mrs. Lyne is a well-educated woman in early middle life. She is the chief practitioner at the Institute, *but has no recognised medical qualifications.*

She claims to have worked as an osteopath for a number of years, and to have gained considerable successes with her treatment methods.

The "world-famous psychologist" on the staff of the Institute is a man of alien origin, by the name of Theodore Van der Lyn. It is Mr. Van der Lyn who is in charge of the department which will deal with cases of kleptomania, brain-storms and "all kinds of bad habits." Lately this Mr. Van der Lyn was lecturing at the Wigmore Hall, London, under the auspices of the London Health Institute, on "The Psychology of the New Healing."

A large number of tickets were issued for this lecture method of advertising.

Perhaps the most amazing statement made by the Institute is that there is a qualified registered doctor in the background who examines patients and, if necessary, visits them at their homes at a charge of 7s. 6d. a visit!

I have the best of authority for saying that association with such an undertaking as the London Institute of Health would bring any regular registered practitioner under the strict authority of the British Medical Council.

Final warning

My criticism of the London Health Institute is emphatic. I object to it because it is dealing with electrical methods and apparatus which may be highly dangerous unless applied under the most rigid supervision of the skilled, qualified medical specialist. A quack institute is not the place for such forms of treatment.

A final point of warning: the London Health Institute has secured no licence for its operations from the London County Council, although it would appear that such a licence is necessary for this class of business. Certain safeguards are imposed before a London County Council licence is granted.

In all these circumstances, I suggest that the public should give the London Health Institute, of Southampton Row, a wide berth.

HOMELY WISDOM—BY CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Which Faith?

THAT remarkable man, Albert Schweitzer, who has won the respect and admiration of many people in this country and America because of his fine work for the natives of tropical Africa, tells a striking story of his first visit to Paris.

It was before the war. He was on his way to a hospital to be trained as a doctor in order that he might offer himself as a volunteer for giving hospital treatment to poor people in fever-ridden areas.

His cab was caught for a few moments in a traffic block, and he was so struck by what he saw in another open carriage side by side with his that he has never been able to forget it.

It was the glossiest, most dazzlingly perfect silk hat he had ever beheld on a human head; but in sharp contrast therewith was the face of the wearer. It was a fierce face, menacing, terrible.

It was the face of Clemenceau—the Tiger—as he was called, the man who was Prime Minister of the French Republic long afterwards at the crisis of the war, the man who presided at the Peace Conference which has bequeathed to us so many problems since the war ended.

That was the only time that Schweitzer ever saw Clemenceau; he knew him by his portraits, but he confesses that to see the living face almost made him shudder; it was so hard, so implacable.

Think of the contrast between those two men, both inspired by a great purpose that looked far beyond their own personal interest.

Schweitzer, the Alsatian, by birth a German subject, was responding to a French appeal for help in an arduous field of service. The great Frenchman, who believed in nothing but France, was even then cherishing the dream of vengeance on Germany for what France had suffered forty years before.

Schweitzer says of himself that from his boyhood onward he had always been burdened by the thought of the vast amount of apparently hopeless suffering in the world, and he has never felt at liberty to avoid taking his full share in the task of trying to lessen it.

Clemenceau, on the other hand, never had much pity to spare for the individual, nor for that matter did he ever spare himself.

"Bury me bolt upright" was his command when he was dying. He declared that he had never flinched from any ordeal in his life, and he would not flinch in death. It was a curious command, for what could his corpse know of his defiance of the grave?

He was alone in the world. It was long since his family had left him. The one passion of his life was France, and even France threw him over at the last.

Yet there was something grand about that dauntless old man. He had a faith and was true to it, would have died a thousand deaths for it. It was faith in the destiny of his nation.

But give me the faith of Schweitzer before that of any patriot who thinks in terms of violence and blood. The pain-healers are more blessed than the pain-makers, for they work with God.

The faith that looks no farther than material triumph is a poor thing compared with the faith that views humanity as one and wishes well to all.

On the Ro
BLACK

William Kennedy (left) a super trickster, and Capt. Biggar, a notorious "confidence" man who has figured in many daring escapades

ALL over the country preparations for the King's Silver Jubilee are proceeding on a scale that will make this year a memorable one in the annals of the nation.

Wonderful programmes are being arranged. There will be State balls and banquets; a Royal garden party; Naval, Military and Air reviews; police inspections and fêtes in all big towns.

Loyal subjects are coming from the far corners of the world to pay homage to their Majesties and to share in the general rejoicings.

But, unfortunately, this great and happy occasion is also being marked down by certain individuals whose motives are not dictated by loyalty to their Sovereign or a desire to participate legitimately in the Jubilee celebrations.

And despite every effort that is being made to keep them off English soil there is certain to be an influx of international criminals whose sole desire will be to reap a rich harvest among the many wealthy colonial and foreign visitors who will be here for the celebrations.

Some of these would-be plunderers have already arrived. Others, happily, have been recognised at the ports and turned back by trained police officials specially posted there in anticipation.

Secret plans

For Scotland Yard is fully alive to the situation, and is busily devising secret preventive measures.

A special staff has been engaged for the past two months in compiling a comprehensive black list which will no doubt be issued as soon as possible to police forces throughout the country.

It will contain tabloid histories of all the world's worst international adventurers, with the most recent photographs available, special attention being given to men and women confidence tricksters who are known to make a practice of attending national functions.

The task, as will be imagined, is a mammoth one, and has entailed the collection of up-to-date information from police departments of America, France, Germany, Australia and New Zealand.

The records of countless international adventurers have already been carefully reviewed, and include confidence tricksters, jewel thieves, card-sharpers and expert pickpockets.

Trans-Atlantic and long-distance telephone calls are regularly coming through to Scotland Yard with up-to-the-minute information about these known rogues, and newly-formed squads of picked men are now being trained to augment the watchers at the ports.

That the unwelcome visitors will find it more difficult to get here than ever before is illustrated by the fact that **several of their number have been refused entry during the past few weeks, although they indignantly flourished passports that appeared to be in order.**

Bluff exposed

They were identified from official photographs and descriptions as criminals with international "histories" who would be just the type to exploit the Silver Jubilee celebrations.

Known confidence tricksters have also been refused permission to land at Croydon Aerodrome during the past month or so.

Quite recently, too, Detective-Inspector Lynch, one of the cleverest detectives in the country, with the reputation of never forgetting a face, chanced to interrogate a man who was staying at a famous hotel in the West End of London.

Although this visitor, who was registered as of British origin, had been in England for little more than three weeks, he had already succeeded in making friends with a number of wealthy people.

He was passing in an assumed name, but the detective identified him as a notorious offender, **Maxwell Julius Laub**. When questioned he produced a Canadian passport.

But his bluff was soon called; he was taken to Scotland Yard and detained as a suspected person. Examination then showed his passport to be a false one, for the Canadian authorities soon repudiated his various claims by cable.

Correspondence found in his hotel suite proved conclusively that he was connected with a financial "syndicate" which he and others had planned to put into operation for the purpose of fleecing Jubilee visitors in London.

He was promptly charged with being in this country without permission, enquiries showing that he had been deported once before.

At the moment he is in Brixton prison awaiting deportation once more. Yet, but for the chance encounter with the detective who recognised him as an international adventurer, he might easily have succeeded in bringing off the coups he had planned.

A prince of alien thieves, whose real name is **Samuel Singbon**, and who hails from Naples, recently attempted to land here, but port officials identified him and turned him back.

But one reverse of this sort is not likely to discourage Singbon, for he has frequently evaded the authorities in the past. He is such an accomplished trickster that it will take a great deal to keep him away from the Jubilee celebrations.

He usually travels in luxurious style, with a valet in attendance, and an extensive wardrobe. He frequents the best hotels and stages jewel robberies and confidence coups on a big scale.

He has always made a practice of looking for victims at hotels, theatres, and restaurants during important functions which bring distinguished people together in large numbers.

This rogue was active as long ago as the Armistice festivities in London and Paris.

Fourteen years ago, in fact, he was deported from England following a series of daring frauds. Yet during social "seasons" since then he has contrived to pay return visits. He has, in this country alone, been arrested and re-arrested on nine occasions!

A linguist of no mean accomplishments, he has passed successfully in various nationalities, using a dozen different passports and nearly as many aliases.

There is no doubt that he will try once again to be here in time to exploit the occasion of the Royal Jubilee.

Another rogue against whom the public should be warned is **Robert Ernest Gleeson**, who is known to the police of several countries as a polished impostor of a most audacious type.

In many years of crime Gleeson has steadily developed into one of the most accomplished international adventurers, with a formidable band of lesser confederates under his sway. Like so many of his kind, he can converse fluently in half a dozen languages, so that he is particularly successful on occasions such as the forthcoming Jubilee, where cosmopolitan gatherings are to be expected.

His history is an amazing one and affords an admirable illustration of the world-wide activities of these tricksters. The police of South Africa, Canada, Australia, America and France regard him as at the head of his class. Whenever a big State function is "on" it is a foregone conclusion that Gleeson will be there.

Not long ago a party of well-known American tourists were travelling to Europe on a luxury liner. Gleeson booked a first-class passage on the same boat and rapidly wormed his way into their company.

They found him a most entertaining and agreeable companion, with a fund of interesting reminiscences and a delightful sense of humour. Scarcely had the voyage started when he was to be seen dancing with the ladies of the party, who were charmed and flattered by his attentions.

In the card-room he was readily invited to make a fourth, and all went well until one night when a game of poker enriched the suave traveller by some thousands of dollars.

No one expected that he was one of the world's worst rogues, and by the time he disembarked at Southampton with his newly made friends a great deal of their money had found its way into his wallet.

One of his most audacious exploits was carried out at a time when he was actually "wanted" by the American police. With the aid of women accomplices he staged a gaming party at a New York hotel and swindled his guests in his inimitable way.

This led to his deportation, but,

The scene at one of the most recent Royal processions. There will be several like this during the Jubilee celebrations and if the tricksters can evade Scotland Yard's watchers they will be waiting to pounce on the gullible they may find among the visitors to London, from the provinces and overseas

yal Jubilee LIST

—Tricksters Scotland Yard is Watching

Det.-Inspector Percy Smith and Det.-Inspector Robert Skelly are two of Scotland Yard's "con-man" experts

quite unabashed, he next went to Paris, accompanied by his personal valet, and with a wardrobe that would have befitted a prince.

With a blissful disregard for the fact that he already figured in the French police records he set about swindling tourists. Posing as a well-connected man in temporary financial difficulties, he acted as guide and host to several parties of visitors, whom he ruthlessly defrauded.

Numerous complaints have been lodged against him in England during functions that have filled London with wealthy visitors, and his reputation even extends to South America.

In Rio de Janeiro his fraudulent exploits brought him before the British Consul. At first he tried to bluff, but, finding his rhetoric of no avail, he calmly produced a revolver and threatened to shoot the Consul if he dared to insinuate anything further against him!

Deportation followed, and since then he has travelled hither and thither.

Then there is **Richard Allan**, a rogue with a string of something like thirty aliases, and a bad record in several countries.

He is an amazing and plausible talker and ensnared numerous victims during the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. Since then he has traversed the world in a variety of poses, and it is inconceivable that he will not be tempted by the prospect of the Jubilee crowds.

As a "millionaire," "racehorse owner," "financier," and "stock and share expert" he has met with amazing success in London, the South of France, Berlin, New York, San Francisco, and Melbourne.

Names he has recently used include "Jay Allan," "John Mitchell," and "Frederick Lawrence Stewart."

It has been estimated that he and his accomplices have netted nearly £100,000 in recent years. In one haul alone he relieved a Colonial visitor to London of £10,000, supposedly for investment in a syndicate that was going to yield a handsome and swift profit.

A master of disguise, he has evaded arrest on several occasions in different countries, and the authorities have been handicapped, too, because he is careful to select his victims from among tourists who cannot remain to prosecute.

With rogues of this calibre to be reckoned with, it is not surprising that our authorities are making special efforts to ensure that the Jubilee celebrations shall not be exploited. Scotland Yard is to be highly commended for one brilliant feat it performed recently in this connection.

Thanks to its vigilance, it was able to co-operate with the Paris Surété in rounding up a gang of international criminals in Paris. That was three weeks ago, and the chief, a man named **Robert Stanley**, whose aliases would fill columns, was detained just as he was on the point of boarding a London-bound air liner.

Papers seized

For the moment he and his confederates are in custody in a French jail, and documents seized by the police there show beyond doubt that Stanley and his chief satellites were preparing to come to London in readiness for the May festivities. Careful watch is now being kept lest some of his gang who contrived to elude arrest succeed in entering this country after all.

For, despite the splendid plans which Scotland Yard is now perfecting to keep as many of these undesirables as possible out of the country, it is too much to hope that some will not slip through the net.

Already information has reached the authorities that international crooks have been secretly negotiating for the tenancies of suitably furnished flats of a luxurious type in which to entertain prospective dupes.

But not all the adventurers who will exploit the Royal Jubilee celebrations for their own ends will come from overseas. There are several notorious "con." men and women who reside more or less permanently in London, who are already devising schemes through which to fleece guests from abroad. Our own investigations enable us to say that men who have repeatedly figured in big confidence hauls, and who have escaped punishment because they were able to hide until victims had left the country, are meeting regularly at certain West End hotels and formulating their plans.

Beware!

One haunt at which these people frequently meet is within a stone's throw of Piccadilly Circus. Only a few evenings ago three of them were in conclave there.

That is why special police officers are being detailed to keep special observation on their movements; why, too, certain betting and drinking clubs which enjoy the patronage of men of their type are likely to come under more surveillance than usual during the next few months.

One, in particular, is known, in the underworld, as "The Con. Man's Club."

We publish this warning in the hope that visitors will be advised by us and exercise the greatest caution before participating in any project put forward by chance acquaintances during the Jubilee celebrations, no matter how convincing they may appear.

Scotland Yard's special gallery of pictures of known confidence tricksters is open for genuine inspection by anyone—particularly visitors from overseas who may have doubts about the integrity of any newly-made acquaintances.

Visitors should take advantage of it—and help the police, while at the same time helping themselves, by asking for official guidance in any suspicious scheme which may be put before them.

Meanwhile, the extra police vigilance, in the provinces as well as in London, will no doubt do much to deter the uninvited guests. Specially trained men will patrol the streets in plain clothes, armed with all available information regarding criminals of the kind here exposed.

Shipping companies will be furnished with up-to-date particulars, and the Yard will be kept posted daily by police chiefs of America and Europe regarding the movements of all known rogues who are likely to attempt to exploit this great event in Britain's history.

The sturdiest lad in the school now we've changed to Rowntree's!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ARTHUR? HE LOOKS HALF ASLEEP!
HE ISN'T AS STRONG AS OTHER BOYS — I THINK I'LL SPEAK TO HIS DOCTOR ABOUT HIM
...I GIVE HIM THE BEST OF FOOD YET IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MAKE HIM STRONG.
I RECOMMEND ROWNTREE'S COCOA WITH HIS MEALS — IT'LL HELP HIS DIGESTION AND GIVE HIM MORE GOOD FROM FOOD
AND TODAY
LOOK AT HIM NOW DAD — HE'S STURDIER AND STRONGER THAN EVER CHANGING TO ROWNTREE'S HAS DONE IT
The sturdiest lad in the school —
Mrs. E. DARTON, 12 Park Dwellings, Garnett Rd., N.W.3
"I was worried about Arthur. He was getting dull and losing strength too. He ate lots of good food, so I asked doctor about it and he told me to give him Rowntree's Cocoa — to help digestion and give him more good from his food. So I changed to Rowntree's. Now Arthur's a new boy, and the sturdiest lad in the school."
ROWNTREE'S ELECT COCOA
FREE Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. XD7, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., York, for Free Gift Booklet, which includes many children's gifts.
5½d. per ¼-lb. tin
½-lb. tin, 10d.
ROWNTREE'S COCOA
ACTUALLY HELPS DIGESTION

A Girl's Bitter Romance of the Wilds

I SHOOT *my* BETRAYER

JOHN BULL *Readers' Stories* No. 121

WHEN I left school at nineteen, and that is many years ago, I kept house for my father. My mother was dead and I was the only child, which may possibly help to explain my tragedy.

We lived in one of the more expensive London suburbs, and I enjoyed a full share of its social round. It was in this quite ordinary way that I entered upon the experience that has left a black mark of horror on my life—it was over suburban teacups that I met Henry, the man I was to love and shoot.

He had been to the same English boarding-school as the sons of the mutual friend at whose house we met. He seemed as English as they and so was his name. His slight dark foreignness was explained by the fact that he lived in South America, where, my hosts understood, he owned a great sheep estancia.

Henry found my unusual fairness very attractive and paid marked attention to me from the first. As he was slim, lively, well-bred, a beautiful dancer, and his dark, good looks were just the kind to make a man seem romantically mysterious to a young girl, I found it very easy to be charmed by him.

He told me he was "home" on one of his rare holidays and spoke much of the immense estate in South America his father had left him. He painted wonderful pictures of an estancia, so vast that the herders of his great flocks lived in shacks several days' hard riding apart.

He described these men as living like hermits in the midst of the empty pampas, seeing no human soul for weeks on end, save a stray half-breed, or the horseman who did the "sheep round" once a month from the big estancia.

Henry's seemed a splendid life to my eager young mind, full of horse riding (of which I was fond) and camping out, with occasional visits to Santa Anna, a small seaport near the foot of his estate, or, better, the State Capital by way of civilised amusement.

Before his holiday was up I was in love with him. When he returned to South America I was engaged to marry him.

◎ ◎ ◎

I had no qualms. Even when my father, in one of his rare moments of suspicion, hinted that he did not think Henry really English, I was able to say that Henry had told me frankly that he was not.

My father was a sick man, and I felt I could not leave him. He died a few months after my fiancé had returned to South America. And then I felt that having Henry was a godsend. I was not only alone in the world, but the death of my father had left me nearly penniless.

Henry's answer to my letter telling him the news was a long time coming.

My hand struck the pistol . . . in blind desperation I pulled it out and fired

It had taken weeks to follow him down to the foot of his estate, where, he said, he had set up camp to reorganise things.

But there was no doubting his love for me. He insisted on my going out to him at once. To save the precious moments, I was not to take the regular liner to the State Capital, but was to sail on a small freight ship that went straight to Santa Anna. Thus we could be together sooner, for I was to be married as soon as I landed.

I obeyed his instructions the more willingly because he had not thought to send the money for my fare, and I had been too proud to ask. I was only just able to scrape together enough to pay the passage on this cheap little ship, which, though it could carry several passengers, only carried me that trip.

My future husband was on the quay to meet me.

He was even more nervous and excited than I. He told me at once that he had planned a wonderful surprise for me. There was to be no scrambled wedding in grubby little Santa Anna. The "English Chaplain" was waiting at his camp to give us the real thing.

Did I feel uneasy then? I don't know. I was alone in a strange land, whose language and ways I did not understand. I left everything to Henry, whom I trusted completely.

When, after arranging about my big baggage, we mounted horses, I felt only the tremendous adventure of riding out into the illimitable pampas to marriage, love and home.

We rode all day. We were both nervous. Henry, indeed, alternated between tearing good spirits and embarrassing silence. When a lone half-breed rode up as we made camp, and, in the way of the country, settled down to share our fire all night, Henry grew quite sour.

Again we rode all day across the

(Continued on page 24)

Her first—*and last* job

MOTHER-I'VE GOT THAT JOB IN LONDON
DARLING-I WISH YOU THE VERY BEST OF LUCK
"I LIKE LONDON-BUT THIS STUFFY OFFICE IS ALREADY SPOILING MY COMPLEXION
YOU SHOULD USE KNIGHT'S CASTILE-IT'S SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE
THAT NEW GIRL IS VERY SMART
YES-IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE HER ABOUT
SUMMER HOLIDAYS
MOTHER-THE OFFICE MANAGER HAS ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM
I'M NOT SURPRISED - YOU LOOK LOVELIER THAN EVER - AND I HOPE HE'S NICE

It's the people who live in cities and spend their days in stuffy offices whose complexions really need the help which Knight's Castile can give. The freely creaming lather of Knight's Castile has the same effect on the skin as the pure air of the country—it revives and stimulates the vital beauty glands. Without this the clear glow of true skin health soon fades as the skin becomes "tired." But Knight's Castile—costing only fourpence a tablet—will guard your skin against town air, and give you a lastingly lovely complexion.

Knight's Castile

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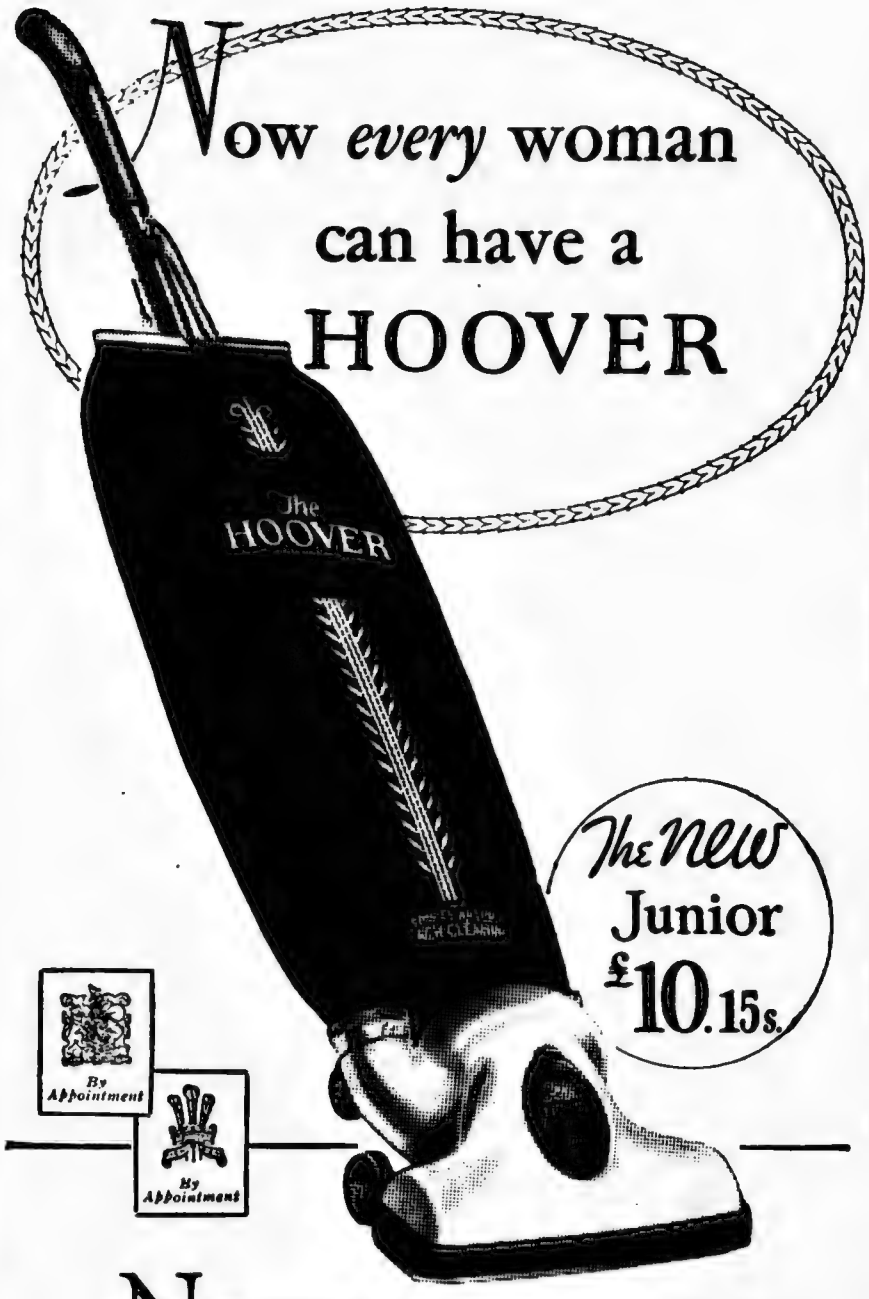
Now *every* woman can have a HOOVER



The NEW Junior £10.15s.

NOW there's no need to put up with second best—it's simply a question of *which model* Hoover.

For now there's a Hoover in the new "Jubilee" series for every home—for every pocket—for every housewife, whether she lives in mansion or maisonette.

For £1 down there are Model 800 and Model 450, both equipped with the helpful Dirt Finder—"It Lights where it's going, it's Clean where it's gone." For an even lower payment, there's the sensational new Hoover, the Junior, illustrated above.

The famous Hoover Dusting Tools can be supplied with all models. They'll clean your whole house from floor to ceiling—effortlessly, thoroughly and quickly.

Spring-cleaning is around the corner! Make it a Hoover spring-clean this year. Don't delay. Send coupon at once for details of the complete range of "Jubilee" Hoover models.

The HOOVER

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

It BEATS... *as it Sweeps... as it Cleans*

COUPON

To: Hoover Ltd., Dept. R.3, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

Please send me full particulars of the "Jubilee" Hoover Models.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

I SHOOT MY BETRAYER: Continued from page 22

RESCUED BY A STRANGER

pampas, until its vast emptiness began to frighten me. Nothing moved on it but us. We seemed to have ridden right out of the world of living things. I began to ache for the sight of something else moving, for a glimpse of Henry's camp that would mean contact with humanity again.

But nothing broke the immensity of the grassy plain until we reached a rough shack in the heart of nowhere late that afternoon. It plainly belonged to one of the hermit sheep herders Henry had described to me, and when we halted and I was bidden dismount and enter, I thought we were merely stopping for refreshment after our long ride.

Inside, there was one bare room, with a tiny, doorless annexe used as a bunk chamber. It was bleak, inhospitable, horrible. I was pitying the poor fellow who lived there, whoever he was, when Henry said with shamefaced defiance:

"Welcome to your home, my dear."

I stared, simply unable to take in his words at first. Then, appalled, I began to realise the truth. I saw my photo. on the rough wall, trinkets I had helped Henry to buy in London, heard his muttered explanations. This shack was really his. He did not own an estancia. He was only a sheep herder after all, one of the lonely men he had described as living days apart from the next man!

◎ ◎ ◎

Slowly I realised everything. He had lied to me, fooled me,—trapped me! I was in the midst of loneliness with him where nobody could interfere or save me . . . and he had deliberately brought me here counting on that.

He saw the horror growing in my face and tried to justify himself. He was really the son of an Englishman, worthy of better things, but, dogged by bad luck, he had sunk to this. He loved England so much that he took his holidays there, whenever his luck in gambling helped him . . .

And meeting me he could not help loving me. My fairness had set him on fire. He knew that if he'd told me the truth I'd never have come to him, so he had played this little trick; love, he said, had forced him to it. All the while I could only stare numbly as he mumbled on, and mutter: "And the English chaplain?"

There was no English chaplain. He'd made that up to get me away from Santa Anna, and the English ship, to this place, where I was completely at his mercy. He said, his tone growing more masterful: "We don't bother about chaplains here. Love's all that counts."

I was still too dazed to move, or even to think. I just stared, though I must have said something about his willingness to marry me in England before he left.

He half sniggered at that, told me it would not have been a real marriage. He might have risked the ceremony, since nobody knew anything about him in England, but it would not have counted. He already had a wife in South America . . .

It was at that crowning infamy that something seemed to snap in my head. I cried out my loathing, and tried to get outside to the horses. That stung the halfbreed strain in him. He caught me in his arms, and, with his hot lips on my neck and face, tried to master me.

I fought him. I struck at him, but it was no good. He was too strong for me. Then as his man's strength was crushing all resistance out of me, my hand, tearing frantically at his body, struck against the butt of the pistol he carried. In blind desperation I pulled it out and fired.

I fell to the floor as his arms opened. When I stood up he was lying unconscious, a bullet wound in his chest.

I was utterly alone in the empty world of the pampas, for even the horses had bolted at the sound of the shot. Escape was out of the question.

On foot one could get nowhere on that vast plain . . . except get lost and die. I just had to crouch there, crushed by horror, seeing further horror ahead when I, a young, unknown, penniless girl, a stranger in a land whose language I did not know, was discovered and arrested—perhaps for murder.

Then I heard a horseman come to the shack, a movement in the outer room, then an English voice exclaiming: "My God! He's been shot!"

I went out and saw a lean, sunburnt young Englishman. He was the rider of the "sheep round" making his monthly call on Henry.

No man could have been more startled at seeing me in such a place, yet, thank goodness, he was not so startled to learn why I had shot Henry.

Albert X——, as I will call him, told me that Henry had a bad reputation in South America as a gambler and worse.

◎ ◎ ◎

His father, though not an estancia owner, had been a very decent Englishman, and comfortably off, but Henry had always been a ne'er-do-well.

Albert had no sorrow at all for Henry, who, he said, would recover in a few days.

After he had dressed Henry's wound he rode with me to Santa Anna, where, luckily, the ship that had brought me was still taking in cargo.

Paying my fare home with money he had found in Henry's hut, Albert explained the situation to the captain, who raised no objection to giving me a return passage.

Since that day I have not heard another word about the tragedy. The voyage home did much to mend my shattered nerves, and I was well enough to hunt for work when I reached London.

I have never heard from Albert again. And though I am grateful to him for all he did, I don't want to. Even after all these years I still have moments when I sit and shudder at the memory of my experience, wondering how I ever came through.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

"WE do not see by having our eyes open," someone once said. "We see by having our minds open."

And that's true. Our eyes will see all right in the sense of giving us whatever impressions happen to strike the retina, but unless our minds are wide open as well we shall never understand what we see.

The man who thinks he only needs his eyes to see with is worse than blind. He is unteachable. And that's one of the greatest crimes in the world.

He thinks he learnt it all years ago. He firmly believes he's got nothing more to learn. In consequence he's really only master of one thing—the art of missing opportunities.

Curiosity may have killed the cat, but it's the only thing that keeps human beings mentally alive. It's the only thing that gives us an interest in new things, that keeps our brains active and our minds alert.

NEVER mind the CAT!

Genuine curiosity, the itch to discover and to know why, is the secret of turning life into an exciting adventure and of keeping mentally young.

People who don't keep their curiosity active are in great danger of becoming complacent; and when people become complacent the next step is inevitable. They become very bored. Then they might as well be dead.

One of the greatest fallacies in the world to-day is that age and wisdom are one and the same. They ought to be, did we all live life properly, but mostly they're nothing of the sort. Age too often kills the desire to know, and without that no man can be wise.

Keep your mind open, keep your curiosity alive, keep your desire to find out alert, and never mind about what happened to the cat—and you'll never grow old, no matter what may be written on your birth certificate!

"I sell QUALITY"

Ladies are my best customers and I speak to them frankly. I want them to know that every tin of my Chef Soup is prepared under my personal supervision. The ingredients are the finest. The care I take to give the soup its exquisite flavour is as great as when I prepare it for the most distinguished banquets. That is why my Chef Soups are the highest quality and best value on the market to-day, for the large tin is only 4½d! My reputation as a great Chef depends on them.

CHEF TOMATO SOUP

4½D large tin, makes five great platefuls

6D family tin, makes eight great platefuls

Other varieties—Chef Mixed Vegetable, Green Pea, Celery, Asparagus, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Consommé, Chicken, Kidney. Smith's

"The Greatest of These" Fund

Accidental Death

WE have no photo of "Charlie," for whose mother we appeal, as he died following a cycling accident on his way to work.

Charlie was one month old when his father was killed in the war. His mother, who married again, has seven young children, and the loss of her nineteen-years-old eldest son is a heavy blow.

"My son Charlie," she writes, "was our only help. I hadn't my boy insured. He was such a fine lad and strong."

A verdict of accidental death was recorded at the inquest.

Charlie's step-father has been out of work for nearly five years, and on 35s. a week nine people, the youngest a baby of fifteen months, have to be housed, fed and clothed.

Their vicar says that Charlie's mother is "a hard-working and honest woman, and thoroughly deserving of help."

We shall be grateful if, in sympathy with Charlie's mother, our readers will send help for Charlie's four little step-brothers and three step-sisters, who are now deprived of his support.

To show our readers how much good their donations do, we quote the following letter from Nancy's foster-mother, for whom our readers sent help a short while back:—

"I feel that I must write and thank you and everyone for their kindness. It has been such a great help to us and the children, as I've been able to get them extra things, boots, etc., and not only that, but it has saved our little home, which I was afraid would have to be sold up. The children have been a lot better this winter through your help, as they have been able to have more nourishment. It was a great godsend."

Donations earmarked "Charlie" or "Nancy" should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund. Lists will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

This Whole Wheat Breakfast is Best !

BEST for HEALTH
BEST for ECONOMY

No mother of a family, no housewife, can afford to overlook the health value and economy of Shredded Wheat. Here is a simple, practical food, full of rich nourishment, ready without cooking, enjoyed by everybody every day in a dozen different ways. Shredded Wheat with hot milk makes the "quickest to serve" breakfast. It is delicious also with butter, honey, cheese or fruit at any meal. And it gives everyone the benefit of pure whole wheat in the finest, most digestible form, complete with its health-giving vitamins and system-regulating bran. Let Shredded Wheat fortify you against ill-health this Winter. Ready to serve—no cooking.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Everybody's Everyday Health Food

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS. *Pratt's.*

"My dinner is cooking itself!"

"WHAT a difference our 'New World' Gas Cooker has made to my life! I used to spend half the morning in the kitchen (*looked* and *felt* like it, too, when I sat down to dinner). *Now*, if I prepare everything earlier in the morning, I can just leave the whole dinner to cook itself—as it's doing now—whilst I trot out to do my shopping or see my friends, or enjoy myself in lots of ways I never had time to do before.

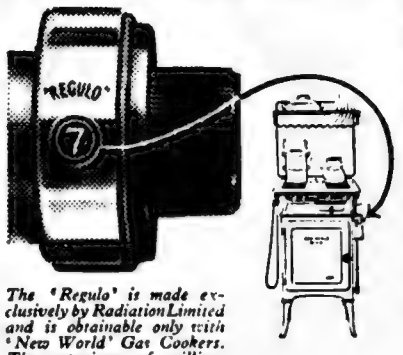
Don't I feel anxious about it while I'm away? Not a bit! I can *absolutely rely* upon going home to find a perfectly-cooked meal, all ready for dishing-up. All I had to do before coming away was to set a little dial that's on the side of the cooker (the 'Regulo' they call it)—pop the *whole* dinner in, and just leave it to cook itself *automatically*.

I used to waste such a lot of time waiting about to put different things in at separate times, but the 'New World' makes that unnecessary. How's it managed? Well, the oven gives different 'zones' of heat so that, although every dish is left in the oven for the same amount of time, some cook slower than others. The 'Regulo' keeps the heat in these zones just right.

Everything's made so simple to manage because you can get the Radiation Cookery Book giving *such* a choice of menus and, at the side of each one, the 'Regulo' dial number to use, and the correct cooking time.

You really *must* get a 'New World'—John says it's made a New Woman of me."

Go to your gas showrooms and ask to see the 'New World' or post coupon below for free recipe booklet and particulars.



The 'Regulo' is made exclusively by Radiation Limited and is obtainable only with 'New World' Gas Cookers. The experience of millions of satisfied users in all parts of the World, is the best testimonial to its reliability. Insist on having the 'Regulo'; look for the name 'Regulo' engraved over the numbered dial.

THE 'REGULO' oven-heat control is fitted only to the

COUPON FOR FREE RECIPE BOOKLET

To: Radiation Ltd. (Publications Dept. 54 JB), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send your free Recipe Book.

Name .....

Address .....

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Radiation

NEW WORLD GAS COOKER

WHITER WHITES BRIGHTER COLOURS

that's what every woman wants—and—

You bet she uses Oxydol

that's what Oxydol guarantees or Double Your Money Back

THE AMAZING GUARANTEE

The very first packet of Oxydol you buy will give you better washing, or we will give you double your money back.

Buy Oxydol just once. If it doesn't give you whiter whites, brighter colours—if it doesn't give you more sparkling washing up and is easier on your hands—just post the empty packet to us and we will refund, without question, DOUBLE THE PRICE YOU PAID FOR YOUR OXYDOL plus your postage money. Our address is: Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., Phoenix Buildings, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1.

Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd.

Death-bed Promise:

SHOULD IT BE KEPT?

"I promised my sisters I would stand by them." But should it be a bar to his future happiness?

HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

SOME months ago I dealt with the question of deathbed promises. I am returning to it again for two reasons. First, I know from the crop of letters that article produced what a great influence these things have upon the minds and lives of a great number of people.

Secondly, there is something of general interest in most of these problems. They touch life in some of its deepest phases. And so let us consider some of the problems recently sent to me. Here is a letter from a man who has given a pledge of this kind:

"While in the Army I met and married my wife. She was living at the time with her great-aunt and uncle, who had brought her up from the age of two weeks. The uncle died three years ago, and as he lay dying he got me to promise that I would look after the aunt, and, in the event of her death, see that she was buried in his grave.

"Up to the present my wife and I have done our best to keep my promise. We also took out an insurance policy on the aunt's life to cover funeral expenses. She has now decided to leave the district and is going right away with the people from whom she rents a room. I have tried to explain to her that if she leaves we may not be able to visit her if she is ill, as at present I am out of work.

"I have also told her that in case of her death (she is seventy-eight) I should not be able to pay extra expenses to have her buried in this parish, but she will not listen to me. Do you think that the promise which I made to her husband should be broken, and should I keep up the life insurance? The old lady cannot afford to pay the premiums, as she has only her old age pension to live upon."

Now my correspondent and his wife are quite ready to go on keeping their promise, but the aunt's decision to move to another town changes the whole position.

They cannot be expected to break up their home and go away too, just to look after her. This old lady, by taking this step, has absolved my correspondent from his promise. And if her husband were still alive he would be the first to recognise the fact.

NOW a word about the insurance policy. This man is paying the premiums and should, according to the usual rule, receive the lump sum at the aunt's death. That is, if he keeps up the payments. If he finds it difficult to do so, he should ask the insurance company if they will grant him what is known as a "paid-up policy." In that way he would not lose what he has already paid.

Then, when the aunt dies, he can use his discretion as to how the money is to be utilised.

The young man who has written my next letter also has a difficult problem to solve. This is his story:

"My troubles started first a few years ago with the death of my mother after an operation in hospital. My sisters, who were with her when the end came, both collapsed, and I had an anxious time with them. That was not the end of my trouble. I had to break the sad news to my father, who was an invalid. The shock was too much for him—he had a bad attack and passed away suddenly.

"My sisters, who had not long left school, were broken-hearted, but I promised to stand by them, which cheered them up considerably. However, I have since fallen in love with a girl here, and we both want to be married. My sisters don't want me to do so, as they are afraid it would break up the happy family. What do you advise me to do?"

My correspondent does not mention his own age nor the ages of his sisters. I take it that he is old enough and in a position to marry. And as he says his sisters had left school when their mother died I imagine that they are now grown up and able to earn their own living.

If they were quite young and entirely dependent on their brother it would, of course, be different. But they can't expect him always to remain single for their sakes—they themselves may marry in time, and then his sacrifice would have been in vain.

Now this does not mean that the young man should neglect his sisters. There are two courses open to him. If he intends to marry quite soon, the question of having his sisters to live with them might be considered.

But here his future wife must have her say. Quite frankly, it seldom pays to allow relations to share the home of a newly married couple.

THE second alternative is the better one. If I am correct in assuming that my correspondent's sisters are both old enough and able to keep themselves, it would be preferable for them to live together either in a flat or by going as paying guests in some family.

I need not remind my correspondent that his sisters suffered a terrible loss in the sudden death of their parents when they were so young. I hope that both he and his future wife will do everything they can to make them happy. In that way they can help to ensure their own happiness.

Making History

More than just a Surprise! More than just a Presentation! JOHN BULL has something for every one of its readers next week that is *an event*. It makes history. It will enrich your home with something that will be handed down from one generation to another. You *simply must not* miss the important double-page announcement in next week's JOHN BULL.

And now let me quote the letter of a woman who is anxious to carry out, as far as possible, the wish of her dying mother. Her difficulty is the attitude adopted by one of her brothers:

"I am one of a large family—eight brothers and four sisters. I am happily married, have a good, kind and hard-working husband and two children. We lived at home for seven years while my parents were alive, and when my mother was dying she wanted me to promise that I would still stay on and help to keep the home going for the rest of the family.

"I said it was a hard thing for me to promise, as my husband might not always want to stay, but that if ever I left I would always do my best to help them. Six years ago my husband and I took a house by ourselves, and the trouble is this.

"Since we have been here my relations always write and ask if they can come and spend their holidays at my house, as it is not convenient for them to go to the old home. I am pleased to have them, but one brother always behaves in a very strange manner. He served a little during the war, and we wonder if that has affected him—he is always worse when there is a new moon.

"The whole family is afraid to speak to him or do anything for him. All the others come and visit us and are made welcome, but he sneers and refers to our home as 'the lodging house,' and the rows he creates over nothing are getting on our nerves. Do you think I ought to refuse to have my relatives to stay?

"I am still willing to do anything I can for any of them. I feel it so much because this brother and I used to be the best of pals and I cannot understand his attitude unless he thinks I should not have left home. He pleases himself when he takes notice of any of us, and sometimes sits for hours, or even weeks, on end and speaks to no one. It is not a matter of money, as he is better off than the others."

From what my correspondent tells me I think this brother is definitely abnormal, probably due to his war service. I think, therefore, that medical advice should be sought. The local doctor should be consulted and told the whole history of the case.

IF for any reason that is not practicable the brother might be persuaded to go to a hospital and see a specialist for nervous disorders. If expert medical opinion is obtained, my correspondent will feel satisfied that she has done everything in her power to remedy the trouble.

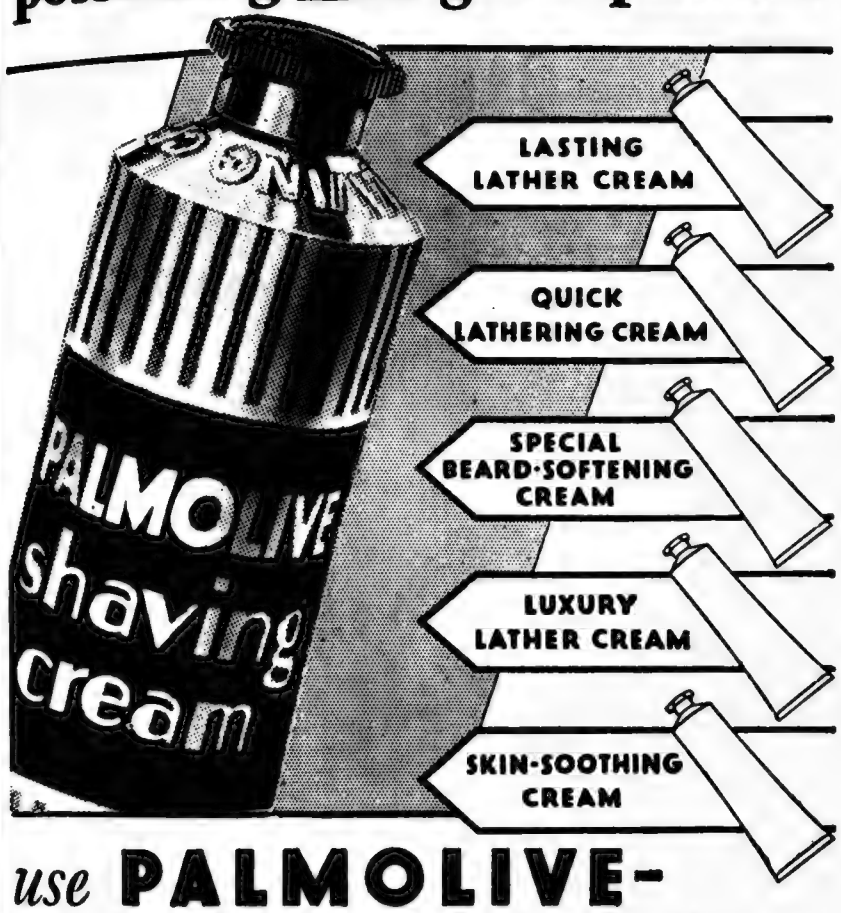
Then there is the question of having other relatives to come for visits. This should only be allowed so long as it does not disturb the harmony of her home. My correspondent's husband and children are her chief concern and must come first. She can continue to do her best for her relations so long as she does not neglect her own health and home. There is a fine old saying—to know all is to forgive all. I am sure that her mother knows and understands.

Let me say one final word to all my readers. Deathbed promises are usually extracted at a time of emotional strain. When our loved ones are passing from us we naturally want to grant them their last wishes. Sometimes the one who makes a request is not quite normal because of pain and other circumstances.

A promise given under such conditions should, of course, be kept if at all possible. But in my judgment it is not so binding if it entails suffering which the dying could never have foreseen.

Send your private problem to "Human-ist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Instead of Shaving Creams possessing *some* good qualities



use PALMOLIVE- *with all the good qualities!*

The olive oil content in Palmolive Shaving Cream makes it ideal for tender skins, and its lather is both quick and long-lasting—it never dries on the face. In addition, it is a *small-bubble lather*, excellent for stiff beards. Rich and emollient, Palmolive lather multiplies itself 250 times!

6D & 1/-
Prices do not apply in I.F.S.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

MONDAY'S COLD MEAT

is nicer with

MUSTARD

— Colman's Mustard

★ PARENTS—*Cut out this announcement and give it to your boy or girl.*

£1,000

IN CASH PRIZES FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

for showing their skill in writing, in 30 words or less, why they and their parents eat plenty of

BREAD

The Millers' Mutual Association is anxious to obtain from children throughout the country the chief reasons why they and their parents eat Bread. To this end they offer £1,000 in Cash Prizes to Boys and Girls. Below are given 12 good reasons why people *do* eat Bread. Do you like the taste of Bread better than any other food? Do you like Bread and Butter Puddings? Do you prefer your Bread toasted—or what are *your* reasons?

The skill you show in the writing of your reasons will weigh with the judges and if you show an aptitude for writing or possibly making one or more slogans it will help you to win a prize and your effort will be drawn to the attention of advertising experts who are ever on the look-out for clever boys and girls.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Write on an ordinary postcard—*in not more than 30 words*—your reasons for eating plenty of Bread. Then add your name and address in block letters. The First Prize (£100) will go to the boy or girl who gives, in the opinion of competent judges, the most aptly worded reasons. The Second Prize (£75) will go to the sender of the next best reasons, and so on.

FIRST PRIZE £100
SECOND PRIZE £75 THIRD PRIZE £50 FOURTH PRIZE £25
1000 Consolation Prizes of 10/- each
1000 " " " 5/- each

These are 12 Good Reasons why People eat Plenty of Bread

- Bread is the staff of life
- Bread gives more energy than any other food
- Bread—with milk—is the perfect diet
- Bread is the cheapest of all foods
- Bread is the best of all "ready to serve" foods
- Bread is the best foundation for butter, jam, marmalade, cheese, sardines, margarine, etc.
- Bread is easily digested
- No substitute for bread has ever been found
- Bread is the one food of which we never tire
- Bread is the same quality for rich or poor
- Bread is the pure product of sun-ripened wheat
- British bread is admitted to be the best food in the world.

CLOSING DATE OF THIS COMPETITION is APRIL 15th, 1935.
Cheques will be posted before Whit Monday.

READ THESE RULES WITH CARE

1. *Entrants must personally fill in postcard in ink with name and address in block letters.*
2. *No letter or other communication may accompany the postcard. Infringement of this rule means disqualification.*
3. *The decision of the judges must be accepted as final.*
4. *No responsibility can be accepted for delay or loss of postcards in transit or after delivery.*
5. *In the event of a tie, the judges reserve the right to divide the prize-money between the tying entrants or to make such other allocation of the prize-money as may seem to them just and equitable.*
6. *No correspondence on the subject of this competition can be entertained.*

Send your postcards to
Competition Dept. 'D', The Millers' Mutual Association, 40 Trinity Square, London, E.C.3

C.F.H.44

A regular beggar for his Bob Martin's

"My dog has had Bob Martin's regularly since she was a puppy," writes Mr. H. B. of Bucknall. "As a result she has never troubled me with loose coat or any other disorder."

REGULAR beggars for Bob Martin's are *always* healthy because they are conditioned correctly. All dogs need this purifying of the bloodstream, because there are no pores in a dog's skin to carry away impurities from the blood. Their need is great when rough weather robs them of their exercise. But when you condition your dog correctly, with a Bob Martin's at morning, noon and night every Saturday and Sunday, he will always be healthy: and rich, pure blood will give him a lovely, lustrous coat.

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS
CONDITION POWDERS

— 9 *powders* 6*d.*; 21 *powders* 1/- —

A healthy & polished home in every tin

Keep your floors bright, clean, and healthy by regularly using Mansion Polish. Its antiseptic properties destroy harmful dust germs, and it gives such a brilliant, lasting finish to Linoleum and Stained or Parquet Floors.

MANSION
THE ANTISEPTIC
POLISH

In Tins, 3d., 6d., and larger sizes.
Also *LIQUID* MANSION in Tins 1/6 each.
FOR DARK WOODS USE DARK MANSION
MP/18'37.

Member of the STRANGE CLUB . .

ARE you a Gowk, an Ugly Mug or a Liar? Or maybe, if you are none of these things, you are a Gobbler or a Child of Bacchus instead!

There is no offence meant if you claim one of these strange titles. They signify nothing more than membership of strange clubs to which many people are proud to belong.

Members of the Gowk Club have to think out good April Fools' Day jokes, Ugly Mugs be plain but convivial, Liars not let a word of truth escape their lips at club meetings or dinners, the Gobblers be able to eat, and the Children of Bacchus to drink far more than the average man or woman can healthily consume. That's all there is to it.

These are just a few, chosen at random, from the hundreds of strange clubs that have earned Britain such a name for clubability that a German writer once said of us that if six Britons found themselves washed up on a desert island, the first thing they would do would be to compile a list of club membership rules!

Honest women!

So it might well be true, as hinted in recent court proceedings, that there is a Suicide Club in existence!

We have all heard of the Henpecked Husbands' Clubs that flourish in a score of towns, and the various Bachelors' Clubs and Spinsters' Clubs in which marriage means expulsion. There are hundreds of clubs far stranger than those.

In the West End of London, for instance, there is the Frankly Sixty Club for women who will admit to more than sixty years of age and who have earned more than £2,000 a year off their own bat. Even that is not as strange as the Clock Club, which is confined to married men working within a mile of Trafalgar Square who used to meet their wives, as sweethearts, under the clock of Charing Cross railway station.

They must be devoted husbands, those men, to commemorate their happy years of courtship in such a way. Therefore, let us hope they never meet the members of another organisation with railway associations, the Baker Street Husbands' Club, for they are made of very different stuff.

To join their ranks a man must have missed his last train home from Baker Street station at least six times and have told his wife a different excuse on each occasion without being disbelieved. They actually meet alternately at a Baker Street hotel and a "pub. down the line" to revel in stories of their deceptions!

Lancashire has many clubs confined to men who can eat meals of amazing proportion. Some of them actually have accounts with the Post Office Savings Bank, record eating being a somewhat costly affair. And they are not the only clubs that are duplicated throughout the country.

There are at least three Clean Shaven Clubs and two Bearded Clubs, two Buttons Clubs (for page boys), three Angling Clubs devoted to the telling of incredible fishing stories, four organisations to ban men's collars and two to encourage the wearing of them, and a whole host of Blow-out Clubs.

There are clubs that are only for people who lead the arduous life—the Ladder Club, to which scaffolders belong, for instance; the Caterpillar Club, for airmen who have made enforced parachute descents from an aeroplane out of control, and—brrrrr!—Plymouth's exclusive body devoted to people who have plunged into the sea every Christmas morning for ten years past.

In addition, there are clubs to which only your name will admit you, such as the John Smith Club, with its three rules—(1) that the club be called the John Smith Club; (2) that John Smith be the secretary; and (3) that everything John Smith says is law.

If nature allows!

Again, there are clubs for which only nature can fit you, such as the Blue-Eyes Club, for girls with eyes of the right shade, and the Fifteen Stone Club, for City of London workers weighing more than the amount indicated by the title, this last being copied from France's famous Hundred Kilos Club.

The police know several clubable organisations of men who have met in prison, the Oakum and the Handcuff among them, one being kept absolutely "exclusive" to men who have met in Dartmoor.

Even the outside students of these criminals are catered for in the Crimes Club, the respectable members of which study the methods and mentalities of crooks.

Then writers of detective stories themselves have a club of their own in the Detection Club, of which Miss Dorothy Sayers, the novelist, is secretary.

The Criminal Investigation Dept. makes a very near approach to the club idea. The C.I.D. men of every police force in the country meet in their respective localities on the first Monday of every month to discuss the new tricks of the underworld and how to circumvent them.

Among the most exclusive associations is the 25 Club, confined to journalists who have reported at least twenty-five Test Matches, and whose club tie is an alarming thing in which there is black for ink, green for turf, blue for sky (and the blue pencil of the sub-editor!), red for the ball, and yellow for bat, stumps and bails.

Another one . .

There can only be fifty-two members of the A to Z, which is a Mayfair organisation, for a very obvious reason. There can only be one Miss A. and Mr. A., and so on through the alphabet. Members must never call each other by any other designation, under threat of expulsion.

If a girl member meets a man member away from club functions, her club membership is cancelled. But in the short space of four months fourteen of them, all duly replaced, brought on expulsion by the much pleasanter way of marrying.

Clubs for people who ring the noses of pigs, for men connected with the Christmas-tree trade, for devotees of the healthy carrot, for riveters who can both catch and throw a red-hot bolt, and, finally, and perhaps most comical of all, the Club Club, a club for people who work at clubs! Every day their number grows.

No wonder a collection of old fossils who thought this club business was being overdone met in Farringdon Street, London, five or six years ago to see what they could do to bring the club movement to an end.

They decided to meet regularly. They actually talked of framing rules. And then inspiration hit them hard.

True Britons all, they suddenly realised they were on the verge of forming another club!

Think of the slow, secure, caterpillar — and then of men like this, who can join the Caterpillar Club if they make a parachute descent from a plane out of control!

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—"The body was lying face downwards on a FOOTBATH."

FOOTBALL PRESS:—"A biting wind and heavy showers of hail and SLEEP had a dire effect on 'gates.'"

CASTLEFORD AND PONTEFRACT EXPRESS:—"Many of them have HUNTS and poultry sheds on the present allotments."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"Or any members of the committee, from whom TICKERS may be obtained."

EAST GRINSTEAD OBSERVER:—"The conversion of the existing small houses into SHIPS in this area . . ."

DARLINGTON AND STOCKTON TIMES:—"A 22½ per cent. increase in passengers MARRIED during April-December."

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"The road between the traffic islands was clearly defined, but the 'Keep Life' sign did not show up very well."

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Those who radiate sunny health are the people who get on—both in business and socially. You shouldn't look and act as though all the worries of the world were on your shoulders. Usually it is common constipation that makes people dull and dispirited.

"More Bulk" in your diet will soon overcome constipation. No need to use pills or drugs. And in Kellogg's ALL-BRAN you will find a pleasant way to get that "bulk."

The "bulk" in it gently exercises the intestines and the Vitamin B in it purifies and enriches the blood. Get rid of the poisons and wastes in your body and *you'll* soon be radiating sunny health.

Eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily with cold milk or cream. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers.

Made in Canada

9d. per packet (Not I.F.S.)

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve

CONSTIPATION

825

Nobody takes Milk and Poached Eggs when Motoring...

but...

millions take THIS and get the same nourishment!

★ *This surprising fact about the nourishment value of Cadbury's 'Milk' is proved by laboratory analyses. Weight for weight, there is no food which provides more complete nourishment. Two pounds (weight) of fresh, full-cream milk go into each pound of this chocolate. The milk is concentrated; only the water is driven off, all the food value being retained.*

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE ✿ *a most delicious food*

NESTLÉ'S MILK makes *any* COCOA nicer....

BABY'S FOOD WILL NOURISH GRANNY TOO!

The same perfectly balanced food which provides ample nourishment in an easily digestible form for baby will also give new strength and vitality to invalids and old people. Recommended by doctors.

Neave's Food

On sale everywhere. Cartons 6d. Tins 1/8, 3/9

Treacherous Weather..

The throat is the gateway for germs and infection when "rasped" or raw in damp, cold weather.

Keep it clear and moist ... free from dry harshness or irritation with an 'Allenburys' Pastille. Suck it slowly and note how the combination of soothing, pure glycerine and delicious blackcurrent juice melts away the dryness and strain — rendering it clear and fresh. Try a handy size tin to-day—carry one in treacherous weather. *Take care of your throat.*

with Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

From all chemists in 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins 8d. & 1/3

The "Good Companion" to Nuttall's Mintoes

The Simplest Cleaning System

Whatever the merits of ordinary vacuum cleaners, all give pride of place to the Electrolux Home Cleaning System.
Electrolux is the most efficient method known. It affords all-purpose cleaning, and special advantages include:

Air Purification
Moth Destruction
Carpet Shampooing
Quiet Operation
Dust Indicator

The latter shows when to empty the dust-bag.

Send the coupon below for attractive illustrated booklet.

ELECTROLUX LTD.,
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Hygienic
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Please send me booklet describing the British-made Electrolux Hygienic Cleaning System.

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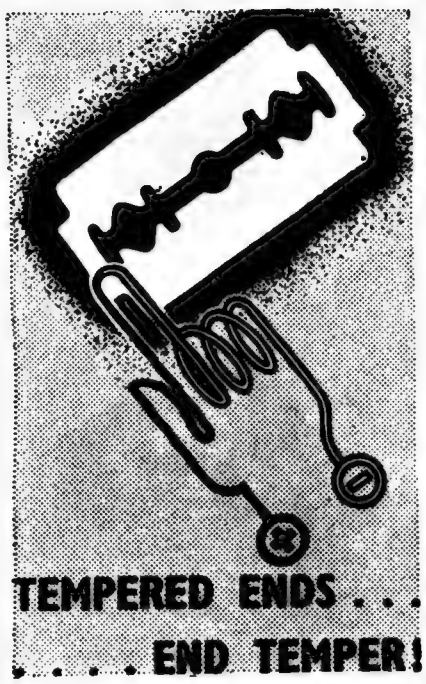


Soft-tempered ends to let the blade bend without cracking and the rest of the blade harder-tempered than ever before—that's what Gillette's new and special electrical-tempering process has made possible. And this super-hardened steel can be honed to a keener cutting edge than you've ever known—an edge that stays keen longer and gives many more shaves per blade.

LARGE PACKET 2/6 **BLUE GILLETTES** SMALL PACKET 1/3

Gambling ON HITLER'S LIFE

IT has been said that insurance, one of the greatest blessings and the most common-sense invention of civilisation, was cradled in superstition. And that the first insurance agent was, perhaps, a cynical assistant of some ancient prophet who took advantage of his master's more devastating prophecies to "cash in" on their effect on his affrighted clients.

Be that as it may, superstition and prophecy have always gone hand-in-hand with insurance.

There was a case in point, last week, in the strange rush at Lloyd's to insure against Hitler's "impending assassination." Business has flooded in from every country, and most of the applicants for policies explained their sudden interest in Hitler with the same extraordinary story.

This is it! A business man travelling into town in his car saw a woman pedlar trudging wearily by the wayside with her load of clothes-pegs and tin pans. He gave her a lift into town, and on the way they talked of the news of the day. The pedlar woman aired her views of Hitler at some length and with venom.

When they arrived in the town the woman thanked the motorist for the lift, and then said: "As for this man Hitler, he'll be dead within a month, assassinated—as sure as you will have a dead man in your car to-night."

That night the motorist picked up a man injured in a road accident and drove him to hospital. On the way the man died! And the next day the motorist rang up an insurance broker and took out an insurance policy for £500 against Hitler being still the Fuhrer of Germany in a month's time.

That, in brief, is the extraordinary story behind the small boom which took place last week on insurance policies against Hitler's imminent death.

There can be no doubt about the amazing business done at Lloyd's in these "Hitler Assassination" policies during recent weeks. Within the past few days some insurance concerns, taking full advantage of this "easy money," have upped the rate on this policy from £5 to £10 per cent. and are still getting business. Some brokers have issued policies totalling between £8,000 and £10,000.

Gypsy's warning

Those are *facts*, whatever one may think of the queer story of the superstitious merchant and the pedlar woman. That story, by the way, has been reported variously from places as far apart as Hull and Torquay; from Barcelona in Spain, Lille in France, and other cities in Italy, Austria and Switzerland; and applications for insurance have come from each of those places. Whether the story originated in the first place in the fertile brain of some insurance broker it is, of course, impossible to say, but the *business* is there.

One of the charming things about the insurance world—to the mere writer, anyway—is the way in which they make a workable mixture out of romance and fantasy and the most cold-blooded calculation of probabilities.

Anybody at Lloyd's would insist to you that the story of the gypsy's warning is perfectly true. *If* Hitler dies as the prophecy has indicated, then Lloyd's would pay out all the gamblers without even a shadow of surprise, for the simple reason that Lloyd's has seen far wilder and stranger things happen before.

Listen to the story behind an actual assassination which is now recorded at Lloyd's. Three years ago President Doumer of France was shot dead by a mad Russian named Gougoloff, when he was making an official visit to an exhibition in Paris.

The assassination of M. Doumer was insured against for £20,000 — by a Dutch astrologer!

It was an apparently meaningless crime which shocked France to its depths, and there was a vast public outcry to the effect that the Russian was really a tool of a gang of international anarchists. The Sureté, France's famed detective force, began a hunt which ranged all over Europe in an attempt to trace Gougoloff's "accomplices" or friends.

In the midst of all the hubbub, Lloyd's discovered that a policy had been taken out for £20,000 ten days before the President's murder, *against his death by assassination within a fortnight*. The premium paid against such an improbable event was exceedingly small.

In fact the assassination, these days, of a President of France within a short period of cover was deemed to be so improbable that the transaction immediately came under grave suspicion.

Stars told him

Agents of the Sureté, hot on the trail, came to London. The policy holder was traced to a small market town near Haarlem, in Holland, and the French detectives flew there to interview this man who had gambled with such certainty on the assassination of their President within a fortnight.

The truth was more queerly sensational than anything they could have expected. The holder of the £20,000 policy turned out to be a small Dutch farmer who all his life had made a hobby of astrology. His passion for star-gazing and horoscope making was well known in the town. In fact his habit of amateur phophecy (usually wrong) on every kind of subject made him a friendly joke among his friends.

A few weeks before he had told them all that he had seen in "conjunction of the planets," a death by violence of the President of France. He maintained his forecast with such vehemence this time, that one of the local merchants suggested that he should back his belief with something tangible—like cash. And so the insurance policy was taken out.

The Sureté agents examined this story in great detail and had to accept it as the literal, amazing truth. Everybody in the sleepy little town knew the story and its preceding facts. The old farmer had never been out of Holland and certainly knew no international anarchists. And so, the detectives went home, and Lloyd's paid up.

Assassination policies taken out on the lives of great statesmen are fairly common at Lloyd's, particularly when countries are in a state of violent change and unrest, even if the policies do not turn out as prophetic as that of the Dutch farmer.

Two months ago, when President Roosevelt was preparing the extension of his bitterly contested "New Deal" hundreds of policies were taken out with Lloyd's against his assassination. The rate quoted was usually around £5 per cent., or £5 premium for each £100 of the policy. The rate varied, of course, according to the period of "cover." Periodically, there is a rush of applications through brokers for policies on Stalin and Mussolini.

But "prophecy" policies usually have more to do with life and living than with death.

What has more to do with prophecy, false and otherwise, than the weather? Most people know that you can insure against rain, but a new development is insurance against drought.

Lloyd's pay out on the policies if the rainfall over a given period is less than a stated average taken over a number of years. They pay out on amount by which rainfall is below the average.

As a rough guide they will pay the full amount of a £1,000 policy if the rainfall is 50 per cent. or more below the average; £600, if it is 30 per cent. below; £300 for 20 per cent., and so on.

"Cold weather" policies are also in great demand, usually by proprietors of swimming pools. They are based on the amount with which temperatures fall below the average.

Another favourite human prophecy is if "it is going to be twins"—or not. Twins can be a calamity in a family where the budget is finely balanced—however much a new addition to the family would be gladly welcomed.

Family prophecy

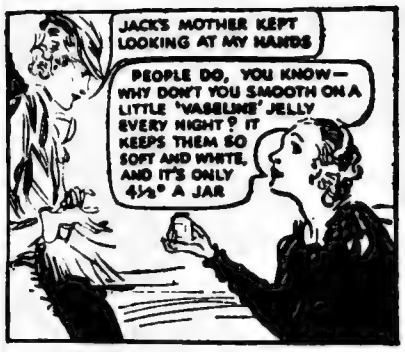
So now, if knowledgeable female friends of the wife's make dire prophecies of "twins"—or more—the uneasy husband can insure against it. A tremendous amount of this family prophecy is now done at Lloyd's and is very highly organised.

The usual rate is £2 10s. per £100 of the policy, but if there is a previous history of twins, particularly in the wife's family, rates go up to as much as £10 10s. per £100.

But the queerest prophecy policy, one which did *not* come off, and a policy which is almost a record in cheap rates is that issued at the time of the scare a few years ago about St. Paul's Cathedral.

A small shopkeeper living almost under the shadow of the huge dome insured at the rate of 6d. per £1,000 against St. Paul's falling on top of him, shop and all. But St. Paul's still stands, and the little shopkeeper has since died, and he has lost his "saxpences."

Sally was afraid of losing Romance


JACK'S MOTHER KEPT LOOKING AT MY HANDS
PEOPLE DO, YOU KNOW— WHY DON'T YOU SMOOTH ON A LITTLE 'VASELINE' JELLY EVERY NIGHT? IT KEEPS THEM SO SOFT AND WHITE, AND IT'S ONLY 4½° A JAR

3 WEEKS LATER
I DO LOVE TO SEE YOU CHILDREN SO HAPPY
MY HAPPINESS IS IN YOUR HANDS, DARLING! HOW SOFT AND WHITE AND SMALL THEY ARE

DOCTORS SAY that burns and abrasions are kept safe from infection by "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly — the perfect protection. Apply after cleansing the injury. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, N.W.10.

SCRATCHES BRUISES BURNS CUTS

SAFE - PURE - HEALING

TRADE **Vaseline**— Petroleum Jelly

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T.J. 3-4186

FALSE TEETH CLEAN AND HYGIENIC

Immersion in an antiseptic solution is not enough. Kolynos Denture Powder ensures absolute cleanliness and the complete removal of all stains.

KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER

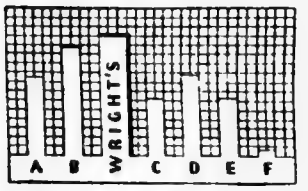
IN PATENT SPRINKLER TINS 1/- OF ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

REVEALED *by science— vital soap facts*

Be careful, mother—when you choose the toilet soap for baby and the family! Make sure that it gives the help you seek in guarding against skin troubles and infection; in cleansing safely and thoroughly.

Wright's, a favourite of mothers for generations, is scientifically balanced, made from finer ingredients. The *only* toilet soap to receive the Blue Seal (highest award) of the Institute of Hygiene, it is used by more physicians, themselves, than any other brand. Wright's cleanses the skin safely and completely—banishes all trace of perspiration odour, lathers freely in hard water. Why not begin, now, to give your family the protection of Wright's? The new larger tablet is obtainable for 6d at any chemist, 1/6 in boxes of three. *Ask for it to-day!*

Protection varies with amount of neutral tar oils.



Preference of Doctors now explained.

From the famous research laboratory of Prof. A. M. Low come facts that reveal the marked superiority of Wright's Coal Tar Soap over cheaper brands. If you are interested in getting value for your money, in safeguarding health and beauty, write for free booklet "The Truth about Soap" by Professor A. M. Low, to Messrs. Wright, Layman & Umney Ltd., Dept. Y.2, 44-50 Southwark St., London, S.E.1

Wright's costlier materials protect your skin

● *Make this simple test for mildness —touch a tablet with tip of tongue, note complete absence of burning or sour caustic taste common to cheap soaps.*

WRIGHT'S lifts AWAY THE DIRT

makes the price possible

The will to initiate—the enterprise to adopt every modern improvement. Such is the policy, pursued for over 40 years, that has made the Enfield Works the finest cycle factory in existence. Equipped with every device that makes for efficiency and economy, it enables you to buy the finest bicycle, made from the highest quality steel, at the lowest cost. Ask for particulars of our "Safety" Models.

ROYAL ENFIELD PRICES FROM £3 19 9 OR 2/- WEEKLY

POST COUPON TODAY

PLEASE SEND CATALOGUE NAME ADDRESS D.L.

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO. LTD. REDDITCH

£4,500 Won in Crossword Competition No. 295

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following eleven competitors, who share the £5,500 offered:—

H. Day, The Gardens, Woodboro' House, Nr. Bath; W. Drake, 26, Morin Rd., Preston, Paignton; E. B. Fenn, 43, St. John's Villas, Upper Holloway, N.; L. F. Gillam, 44, Alexandra Rd., Croydon; R. Howard, 28, Vale Lane, Oakworth, Yorks; F. McKrill, 32, Wragfield Rd., North Cheam, Surrey; F. F. Mahon, Princess Royal Hotel, Filey Rd., Scarborough; W. Nutter, 10, Hinton St., Burnley; S. A. Spiller, The Beeches, Honiton Rd., Exeter; G. Upperton, 24, Tudor Rd., Upton Park, E.; Mrs. M. Wood, 24, Castle St., Tutbury, Staffs.

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £318 3s. 8d. will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, March 26, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of Solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £600 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 136 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £4 12s. 4d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £300 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted four 6d. coupons in the same envelope and a further £100 among those who were registered readers of the "Crossword Gazette" on Thursday, February 28.

£2 weekly for Life and £500, or lump sum of £900, with £100 to be divided between all runners-up and other valuable prizes must be won in this week's "John Bull" Crossword Offer on Page 26. Make up your mind to enter this Competition NOW.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

MENTONE Produced in a superfine quality small check Suiting Tweed, this model coat is cut in double-breasted semi-fitting style, with panel back, sloping flap pockets, button-trimmed cuffs, & Plain Velvet Collar. The garment is lined through with super quality Art. Silk to tone, and is splendidly tailored. Supplied in Fawn, Brown, & Grey. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Lengths: 46 to 50inches. 27/6

Terms: 4/- Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS.

Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Costumes, Coats, Furs, Underwear, Robes, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and all particulars will be sent to you per return of post.

4/- Monthly

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

FULLER Celery PERLES Banish RHEUMATISM 1/3, 3/- or 5/-, "Boots" or any Chemist.

Perm your own hair for 9D. as she did

For

"JOHN BULL" Readers Only

to introduce the Janet Complete Waving Outfit, which has astonished the Hairdressing world by its simplicity and effectiveness in creating at home long-lasting waves in the modern style. The Complete Outfit includes

Janet's Magnetic Wavers

Wave-Setting Cap, 6d. Wave-Setting Lotion, and is offered to "John Bull" readers only (and only by post) at 9d. all in (with 3d. extra for part cost postage, etc.). The directions are so simple you can't go wrong. You cannot fail to get those real professional waves (in any style you desire) first time you use this Janet Outfit. Every "John Bull" reader will have her money returned if she is not delighted with this big Advertising Bargain in every way. All your friends will think you have paid for an expensive West End "Perm." Fill in and post coupon below NOW while the supply lasts.

Post with 1/- Postal Order (being 9d. for the outfit and 3d. part cost postage, etc.) to:—

JANET (J.B. Dept.), 823, City Road, London, E.C.1.

Please send me by return of post a complete Janet Waving Outfit, with full instructions, as offered under money-back guarantee.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B. .....

DRINK HOT WATER FOR RHEUMATISM

Uric acid, the real cause of rheumatic aches and pains, is formed in your system daily by the indigestible waste matter from your food, and unless it is regularly and completely eliminated it soon gets into the blood stream, carrying sharp pain-causing crystals into the joints and muscles.

Everybody who is subject to rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica, should drink plenty of hot water to help flush away these acid impurities. But to get quick, certain relief from rheumatic pain, a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate should be added to your regular morning glass of hot water. This cleanses the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, and dissolves away all uric acid deposits, thus removing the very *cause* of the trouble. Get a 2/- jar of 'Limestone' Phosphate from your chemist and banish your rheumatism in this pleasant, logical way.

A GENEROUS TRIAL SUPPLY may be had on application to W. L. Dodge, Ltd., (Dept. Z/21), Braydon Road, London, N.16.

for **HOARSENESS**

Ingredients of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in the form of a sweet.

VICK LOZENGES 6d

Re-stock your kitchen

WITH STORK BIGGER-VALUE GIFTS!

NOW Stork's only 6d a pound the Stork gift scheme offers bigger value than ever. 150 useful gifts of every variety to choose from. And remember, now you save 2d on every pound, insist on Stork—the Sunshine Vitamin Margarine with the Free Gift Coupons! Write to Stork Gift Dept. 60, Purfleet, Essex, for illustrated Gift List.

STORK MARGARINE Now 6D per lb. U.K. ONLY

THERE'S A COUPON WITH EVERY POUND

JS 533-118

The "Prisoner" THEY Forget

The warder is nearly as much hedged round with rules and prohibitions as a convict—his errors are the result of overwork rather than of character

By An Ex-Warder

IT has been announced that the Prison Commission is now engaged in a revision of the hours of group work within our prisons. This will make an increased staff a necessity—but no attempt is being made, so far as I can see, to improve the lot of the prison officer.

The contemplated change is to restore the eight-hour working day for prisoners. The prisoners will welcome this—anything is preferable to those long hours spent alone in the cells. And, after some thirty years' service in various prisons, I would be the last to object to any move which would make the decent, well-behaved prisoner's lot more tolerable.

But what about that other class of men who spend a considerable portion of their lives inside the prison walls—the men whose duty it is to discipline and instruct the prisoners?

This is a tremendous responsibility, but the rewards are completely disproportionate to the services they have to perform.

A prison officer spends eight hours a day within prison walls.

Problem of pay

One clear week-end a fortnight is all the discipline officer may enjoy—on alternate Saturday afternoons and Sundays he is on duty. For officer instructors the hours are somewhat easier.

One of the chief complaints of my former brother-officers was with regard to pay. The starting weekly wage for a prison officer is 43s. 6d. This rises by annual increments to the lavish sum of 64s. 10d. In addition to this, uniforms are provided, and quarters or an allowance for quarters.

As to quarters, we receive an allowance of from 12s. 6d. to £1 (the latter sum in London only) if we live outside the prison, or if the quarters are for single men only.

Such are our rewards. And the labours we perform to earn them? Let me give you a specimen day in the life of a warder.

First, the organisation of our work. A warder will have charge of thirty or forty men on his "ward"—each wing in a cell-house is divided into wards. A similar number of men will be in his charge when engaged in "associated work," as it is called.

Time-tables vary, but let us take a day shift. Our prison officer gets on to the job at 7 a.m. First, he unlocks the cells of his ward and counts the men. Counting goes on all day, almost—we don't take any chances!

Then breakfast is served in the cells, and the officer has to accompany the prisoner who takes it round, unlocking the doors. After breakfast comes "association" work. This may be making mailbags; in the tailoring shop, where prisoners' clothes are made and repaired; in the tin-shop, where all prison utensils are made; the carpentry shop; or elsewhere.

Then comes dinner, when the morning routine is repeated. The officer takes his men back to their cells, dinner is served; and, once they are safely locked up, the warder can go home for his dinner. In an hour's time he returns, unlocks doors, counts—always the count!—and takes them back to work. In the evening, back to the cells for supper; and then he locks them up for the night. He turns in his count-paper to the Senior Warden, who checks up—if anyone is missing, heaven help the warder!

The prison officer must learn to grow eyes on all sides of his head—and ears, too.

Although many people will say, "Wax ears? We thought the silent system had been abolished." This talking business, as a matter of fact, is one of our chief worries.

At present it is all up in the air. The "no-talking rule" has been abolished, but I can say definitely that the silent system still applies to-day, whatever the Home Office may say, with this difference: nowadays the prisoner who talks is not reported for talking, but for being negligent in his work.

I am all in favour of letting men talk on recreation, and at their work, too, so long as it does not prevent them getting on with the job, and is reasonably controlled.

What is the effect of years of one's life within prison walls? my friends ask me. Well, it certainly does affect many officers. The prison atmosphere is definitely depressing, and the strain of preserving discipline and enforcing so many rules often makes a man "nervy."

What outsiders do not appreciate is that often a convict will help a warder. There are so many things to remember in the day's routine that inevitably one will forget this or that point. And often I have been reminded by a prisoner of one of these details.

Then, one must be constantly on the watch for contraband. Prisoners' friends are always trying to smuggle forbidden things in to them.

Speaking from my own fairly wide experience, I would say that there is surprisingly little bad feeling between officers and convicts. The average prisoner is not really "bad." They are a pretty decent crowd, on the whole, and so are the officers.

No one wants trouble in a prison, except a small minority of the prisoners—the "tough" men. Both convicts and warders want to get along quietly, without disturbance. But you cannot expect proper handling of prisoners if officers are overworked and underpaid. I believe many men would be saved from a life of crime if they had more individual attention. But for this bigger staff would be necessary, and a highly intelligent type of officer.

Peril of joking

Also, I think that six hours a day actually spent in the prison, is ample. This change would be of inestimable value as regards the nervous stability of the officers.

In spite of present conditions, the average prison officer is a fine type of man, and his errors are the result of overwork and overstrain rather than of character, for he is nearly as much hedged around with rules and prohibitions as the convict.

Just think—a harmless joke, when instructing a convict in his work, may lead to a fine and being put on a year's probation, for "familiarity with a prisoner."

There are some 3,000 prison officers in Great Britain. Thousands of men and women pass through their hands each year and emerge, to become, once again, members of the community. Surely those who are in closest contact with them and with the greatest influence on them should receive more consideration?

Race with "Silver Ring."

Note the Giant "Chaser"

THIS is the period of the year when almost every other day we have a Grand National rehearsal. They do not, however, often tell backers much, for the simple reason that, as a rule, they are three or three and a half mile affairs.

Prior to the National Trial 'Chase at Gatwick—and writing ten days before the race—I gave Alexena in JOHN BULL. The night before the event I coded Rimell's 'chaser.

Alexena won at 7 to 1 and I have since seen it stated that at Aintree he should again account for Reynoldstown, Buck Willow, Drintyre, Fouquet, Prince Madoc and Noiseau.

I have no doubt that Alexena will prove an efficient substitute for the ill-fated Forbra, who won the great race a few years ago, but it must be remembered that at Liverpool he meets most of his Gatwick rivals on much worse terms.

Hurst Park will present a Liverpool rehearsal this week-end and Kellsboro' Jack will probably try conclusions with a number of fancied National horses.

This may be the race for which Remus is started. If so, I shall take sides with Gosden's giant steeplechaser.

King's Counsellor looks "good" for the Piccadilly Hurdle at the Hurst Park meeting.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 14, to Wednesday, March 20.

U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M P Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D V

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

ZK96893 would read LATOI.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

I Guarantee TO END SHINY NOSE or you don't pay a penny

SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY of a NEW KIND OF FACE POWDER

Now woman's eternal problem of ugly shiny nose and greasy-looking skin has been solved by science. After years of research, French chemists have discovered an amazing new ingredient called 'Double Mousse'. This is blended with the finest 7 times silk-sifted powder by the new Tokalon process. That is why you can apply New Poudre Tokalon once in the morning and be free from shiny nose all day long, whatever you are doing. It is the one powder that gives a 'matt finish' complexion that neither wind, rain nor perspiration can spoil. See for yourself to-day the fascinating, girlish beauty the New Poudre Tokalon can give you. It is *guaranteed* to end ugly skin-shine, or your money refunded.

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de Luxe Beauty Outfit containing six shades of the new Poudre Tokalon so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing etc., to Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 222 H), Chase Rd., London, N.W.10.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food-decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

TERRIBLE ASTHMA

GONE IN FEW MINUTES

Mr. J.—I have slept nightly ever since I took the first tablet, without coughing at all. Within ten minutes of taking it I was a new man.

LONDON CHEMIST'S PRAISE. Delighted to recommend Dr. Singha's tablets to my Asthma suffering customers, as I am convinced there is no remedy to equal it. 1/8/34.

HARLEY STREET LUNG SPECIALIST writes: Your Asthma Tablets quickly cut short an attack in most cases. They do their work well. They should be prescribed widely. 31/1/34.

A DOCTOR'S APPROVAL. A relative of mine, an Asthmatic for 40 years, is now almost completely free from this dreadful complaint. I have used your Asthma Tablets in many of my cases with excellent results.

Chemists, Doctors & Specialists recommend

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE **DR SINGHA** BRAND

ASTHMA CURE

Throw off the shackles of pain, hopelessness and misery. The result of the free test sample will amaze you. It will probably give you the first night's comfortable sleep you have had for years and you will wake in the morning feeling stronger and astonished to find that your breathing is so much easier. Results are positive, there is nothing left in doubt. Do not be deterred because other remedies have failed to give you any lasting benefit. DR. SINGHA (Brand) ASTHMA CURE is different. It is hailed by the medical profession and the public alike as being the greatest advance in medical science of the century.

NEW SIZE 1/6 AND SUBSTANTIAL INCREASE IN CONTENTS OF OTHER SIZES

DR. SINGHA (Brand) ASTHMA CURE quickly cuts short an attack. Its soothing ingredients immediately relieve choking sensations, gasping for breath, and enable the tough viscous phlegm to be expelled with a minimum of effort. It miraculously relieves congested bronchial tubes, giving the sufferer comforting relief, ease from pain and induces calm, restful slumber.

DELAY IS DANGEROUS. The longer you leave Asthma in your system the firmer grip it will get. Get the instant relief that DR. SINGHA (Brand) ASTHMA CURE will give, and know that a short course of treatment will banish Asthma entirely from your system, no matter how chronic it has become nor the number of years it has held you in bondage.

Sufferers have turned in despair to DR. SINGHA'S CURE after having spent large sums trying every other possible treatment in a vain search for relief and a permanent cure of Asthma and Bronchitis. Their search then ended. As soon as they tried Dr. Singha's genuine Indian formula they again knew what health and happiness was.

BEST & NOW CHEAPEST!

Don't endure misery and torture for the rest of your life. Break the chains of illness that bind you. Test the free trial and you will prove what the suffering public, Specialists, Doctors and Chemists have written freely about this remarkable quick-working remedy.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES! Every genuine carton bears the Temple trademark and this signature — K. Singha

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Including Boots (all Branches), Taylors British Chemists, Timothy Whites, etc., at 1/6, 3/-, 5/-, 12/- and 20/-, or sent post free direct if any difficulty.

BANISH CATARRH

With the DR. SINGHA (Brand) CATARRH CURE. The Two-in One Treatment that puts an end to this objectionable and baffling complaint.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE TEST.

Dr. Singha has written the doom of Chronic Catarrh with his new wonderful duo-treatment. If you suffer from Catarrh you must realise that it is a deadly complaint. You must not trifle with it. Many people are walking about with Chronic Catarrh and do not recognise the symptoms. **If you suffer from bleeding nostrils, blocked nostrils, mucus passing down throat, head noises, sore throat, dry mouth, hawking, spitting, stomach disorders, pain under the heart, singing in the ears, constipation, impaired eyesight, and failing memory, Catarrh is in all probability the cause.**

The Dr. Singha (Brand) Catarrh Cure is most effective and rapid remedy for all coughs, including "smokers' cough," and has brought relief to thousands of chronic sufferers. They have tried most other specines, but the quickest, surest and most positive results were obtained from this twofold treatment. The Dr. Singha (Brand) Catarrh Cure attacks not only the local areas where catarrh makes its presence felt, but also those hidden parts of the intestines which form a convenient breeding place of this noxious complaint.

A free sample will convince you of the amazing efficacy of this remedy.

COMPLETE DUO-TREATMENT, 6/-

Sister Esther was quite relieved after taking your sample, so I got her your Duo-treatment at our chemists here. I think your Catarrh Remedy quite wonderful, and I am so thankful I have been told about it.—Sister-in-charge. 7.11.34.

(Sample offers do not apply to the I.F.S.)

FREE TRIAL COUPON

To the DR. SINGHA CO., Ltd. (Dept. JA.14), CAERNARVON, G.B.

Please send Free 48pp. Treatise by Dr. Singha—which is worth its weight in Gold—Testimonials, and

1. Sample of Dr. Singha (Brand) Asthma Tablets (3d. in stamps enclosed to cover cost of postage and packing).

2. Sample of Dr. Singha (Brand) Catarrh Cure (3d. in stamps enclosed to cover cost of postage and packing)

Please cross out which not required. Write plainly in Block Letters.

NAME .....
(State if Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title)

ADDRESS .....

.....

Age..... How long suffered.....

HOT ALKALINE BATHS FOR RHEUMATISM

Give Quick, Sure Relief.

The medical profession know that in severely painful cases of backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, etc., good results are invariably produced by hot alkaline baths, such as are found in well-known Continental resorts. It is not necessary to travel abroad to get this relief, which is now obtainable in your own home. To prepare a medicated, alkaline bath which will quickly relieve rheumatic pain, dissolve a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' in a bath of hot water. The alkaline water thus produced is supercharged with oxygen which enters the pores and carries the essential constituent salts of famous spas deep into the tissues. Relief from the grinding pains of rheumatism quickly follows, and the muscular soreness and stiffness which once made life miserable disappear completely. 'Reudel Bath Saltrates,' sold only in YELLOW packets and sufficient for several baths, can be obtained for 1/6 from any chemist.

ROLL IN AG PAPERS and you are sure of satisfaction

FIT ALL MACHINES

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for **Zam-Buk Suppositories.** 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

THE BIG TWO

WRITE DIRECT — NO AGENTS

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FOOTBALL LISTS

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

SAYING *that helped me Most*

"The words of his novel gave me hope," writes a contributor. A. S. M. Hutchison

Benjamin Franklin's "Beware" saved R. B.'s business

"His words ever a source of encouragement," says another reader. Marshal Foch

"IT is the game that counts, not the players."

I read this phrase in a newspaper years ago, and ever since I have tried to keep it in mind during those times when I have felt depressed and wanting to give up the struggle for life.

After all, it is the zest of the game that counts. Play the game, and whether one wins or not is immaterial. At least the fight has been well fought.

Can any man do more than this?—*"Trier," Yorks.*

"Let Them Say!"

Several years ago a small sum of money disappeared from my petty cash box. Although I satisfied my employer as to my innocence, the money was never found, and I "felt" that my colleagues still considered that I was the culprit.

The whispers grew louder, until I was certain that that was the view held. I was on the verge of resigning my position when I read a gossipy little note about George Bernard Shaw.

Over his fireplace, it said, he had emblazoned the words: "They say. What say they? Let them say!"

Those words saved my self-respect, my job, my everything.—*J. G., Dorset.*

The Bits Count

Marshal Foch said: "Victory is won by bits and scraps." His words have ever been a source of encouragement to me.

I used to tell myself that I would accomplish many things—if only I had the time. But now I realise that that achievement can be extracted from the intelligent use of odds and ends of time, every day.

To learn, say, a foreign language or shorthand, or to fit oneself for advancement in one's particular job, is really a simple matter. It is the cumulative result of "bits and scraps" of effort that brings victory.—*H. S., Mellor.*

Think Well

Two coal-begrimed dockers sat in my compartment; one seemed in trouble. His mate said: "Bill, thoughts boss you about, you know; if you think you are licked—then you are." That was my salvation. For months I'd been pessimistic, suspicious; everything seemed to go awry.

I decided to reverse my thoughts—to think in terms of progress, prosperity and amiability.

It wasn't easy at the start, but eventually I reaped a harvest of health, wealth and happiness.—*Miss A., Ware.*

Spring is Coming

Faced with unemployment, financial embarrassment, sickness and disappointment, the words of A. S. M. Hutchison's novel "If winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" helped me along and gave me hope to carry on, happy in the thought that Spring was bound to come.

For years life was one long, dreary winter, but the knowledge that the seasons of life change kept me going until at last Springtime has come round once more.—*"Springtime," Hamilton.*

Watch the Sails

When my grandad, a retired skipper, became reminiscent, we youngsters used to cock our ears for thrills.

After detailing one desperate struggle they'd had to make harbour in a gale, he gazed at me and said: "Remember, laddie, it's not the gales, but the set of the sails that matters most." Since then I've had more than my share of storms on land and sea, but I've taken courage by recalling that old sailorman's words.

It's how one faces up to trouble that determines a man's stature; the "trier" always has a sporting chance of making port.—*Mr. R., Haswell.*

Beware Small Expenses

"Beware of small expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship." Those words of Benjamin Franklin caught my eye on a calendar and set me thinking.

Business was in a bad way, and I decided that many small expenses were unnecessary. 'Bus fares for short journeys that could easily be walked; paper and string, because I was always throwing away odd bits.

Within six months I saved, by cutting out unnecessary items, nearly £20. Today my ship is far from sinking, because in business and in the home I watch the small expenses.—*R. B., Hillfields.*

Keep Your Temper

Although for the past nineteen years my father has lain in Flanders, I shall never forget the saying he instilled into my youthful mind.

"When you are right there is no need to lose your temper; when you are in the wrong you cannot afford to," it ran. This wise maxim has helped me in business dealings with superiors and juniors, on the playing field, and last, though by no means least, during my seven years of married life.—*"Smiler," Liverpool.*

Sorry—and Glad

There was a saying that frightened me and made me get married at the age of thirty-five. I am now seventy. It was: "He lives like a king, and dies like a dog!"

It was my salvation. Whenever I want to see the "other side," I have only to visit my old friend of bachelor days. He has lived like a king; he wanted nobody . . . and now nobody wants him!

I am terribly sorry for him; but I'm very glad I did not make the same selfish mistake.—*A. B., Yardley.*

Reduce Rest

"Too much rest is rust." Five words that changed me from a beast of burden to one eager for life. I could rest with the best, and did not have time for anything. One evening as I rolled off the couch in a dull stupor a friend spoke those words.

The change took a year. Now I work hard, read a good deal, write, tend a garden, indulge in sport, and do hosts of other things, not one of which I had time for when rest was rusting me.—*"Rustless," South Yorks.*

Be Quick!

"Speed," remarked my employer, "is the essence of business." This phrase remained indelibly stamped in my mind, and pointed out for me a path to success.

During a period when we were constantly working overtime, part of the roof in the room where we were working collapsed, my companions being severely injured by the falling rafters.

Because I had finished my work a few minutes earlier I escaped injury. Some time later I was appointed manager of the department, on account of my quick and efficient work.—*R. S., Glasgow.*

We Must Try

Time and again have I proved the truth of the statement: "We can all better ourselves if we try. It is a matter of singleness of purpose, inflexible determination, and unfaltering perseverance."

In the sordid environment of the pits I hadn't much chance to better myself: after eight hours below ground I felt disinclined to study. Yet I attended the local night school regularly. The tutor saw that I was trying and took me in hand.

Now, at thirty-five, I myself am a tutor. My desire to learn was the biggest factor, but the above words showed me how.—*"Tutor," Birmingham.*

* * *

The saying that helped me most is: "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." By thinking and hoping for the best one halves one's worries and leaves one with energy to tackle trouble when it does come.—*J. E., Southend.*

* * *

"Constant fault-finding is like sand in sugar. It lessens the sweetness, and sets the teeth on edge." I have found this my most helpful saying.—*D. C., Chatham.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, March 19.

The Promise I'm Sorry I Kept

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on March 16

ENGLISH CUP—Semi-finals.

(1) W.B. Albion v. BOLTON—at Leeds.
**(2) WEDNESDAY v. Burnley—at Aston.

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Leicester v. BIRMINGHAM.
(2) PRESTON v. Middlesbrough.
*(3) SUNDERLAND v. Stoke.
(4) Hotspur v. MANCHESTER C.
(5) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Liverpool.
(6) CHELSEA v. Leeds.
(7) Everton v. Arsenal.
(8) GRIMSBY v. Blackburn.
(9) Huddersfield v. Portsmouth.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Port Vale v. West Ham.
**(2) SHEFFIELD U. v. Norwich.
(3) SOUTHAMPTON v. Fulham.
(4) SWANSEA v. Bury.
(5) Barnsley v. NEWCASTLE.
(6) BRADFORD C. v. Plymouth.
(7) MANCHESTER U. v. Blackpool.
(8) Notts County v. Bradford.
(9) Oldham v. Forest.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Q.P. RANGERS v. Millwall.
(2) Southend v. Watford.
*(3) SWINDON v. Orient.
(4) Torquay v. Coventry.
*(5) ALDERSHOT v. Gillingham.
(6) BRIGHTON v. Northampton.
(7) BRISTOL R. v. Newport.
(8) Cardiff v. READING.
**(9) CHARLTON v. Exeter.
(10) C. PALACE v. Bristol C.
(11) LUTON v. Boscombe.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Southport v. Chesterfield.
**(2) STOCKPORT v. Rochdale.
(3) York v. Halifax.
(4) Accrington v. TRANMERE.
**(5) CHESTER v. Walsall.
*(6) CREWE v. Carlisle.
(7) DARLINGTON v. Wrexham.
*(8) DONCASTER v. Mansfield.
(9) Gateshead v. Lincoln.
(10) HARTLEPOOLS v. Barrow.
(11) N. Brighton v. Rotherham.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) MOTHERWELL v. Hibernian.
*(2) RANGERS v. Queen of South.
(3) ST. MIRREN v. Ayr.
**(4) ABERDEEN v. Albion.
(5) Airdrie v. Partick.
(6) Clyde v. St. Johnstone.
(7) Dunfermline v. CELTIC.
(8) Falkirk v. DUNDEE.
*(9) HEARTS v. Queen's Park.
(10) Kilmarnock v. HAMILTON.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—English Cup—2 (neutral ground); Div. I.—1 (*A*); Div. II.—2 (*H*); Southern Section—9 (*H*); Northern Section—5 (H); Scottish League—7 (*A*) would indicate Wednesday, Birmingham, Sheffield United Charlton, Chester and Celtic.

GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES

This super quality felt base square is specially made for long, hard wear and has a highly polished surface which needs no scrubbing. A damp cloth keeps it like new. Delivered to your door carriage paid.

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See What Kotalko Will Do.

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling scurf and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation, reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

Almost at once you will feel new life and hair-growth-activity in your scalp.

Surprisingly quickly you will see new hair growing through the scalp. Simply carry on with Kotalko (True Hair Grower) and Kotalko Scalp Soap as directed. Any thin or bald places will soon be re-covered with new and vigorously healthy hair, rich in its natural colouring. After the hair has grown an inch or more in length try to pull out one of the new hairs slowly. You will not be able to do this. The hair will be too strongly rooted to break or pull away from its hair-follicle. See, too, how luxuriantly thick and rich in colouring it will be. There's no falling, brushing, combing, or pulling out of such vigorously strong and healthy new hair.

Massage your Scalp and Feed Hair Roots Daily with Kotalko.

Cleanse and Soften Scalp and Hair Follicles Once Weekly with Kotalko Scalp Soap.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

"Had Big Bald Patch."
Now This New Thick Growth.

"I WAS ALMOST BALD"

See DELIGHTED USERS' OWN PHOTOS AND EXPERIENCES that will be sent with your Trial Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Scalp Soap. These will show you that you need not lose your hair or look prematurely aged through baldness.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, PERCY STREET (53 B.J.), LONDON, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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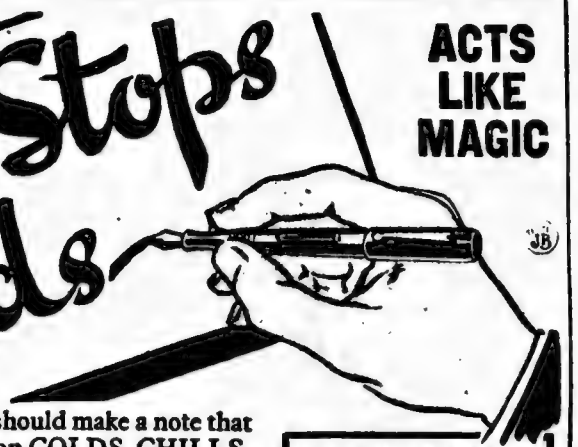
A Beecham Product

2d Stops Colds



ACTS LIKE MAGIC

Every reader of this paper should make a note that 2d. is all you need pay to stop COLDS, CHILLS, 'FLU, FEVERISHNESS, HEADACHES or NEURALGIA. For 2d. is all you need pay for a Beechams Brand Powder—the wonderful prescription which acts like magic. At the first shivery, heavy and aching feeling which is the forerunner of winter ills get relief with a Beechams Brand Powder! Sufferers all over the country are declaring that there is no quicker relief than that which is brought about by Beechams Brand Powders.

BEECHAMS POWDERS Stop
COLDS, CHILLS
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Free sample from "Nostroline," 32, Clifton, Bristol.

ACUTE GASTRIC ULCER

Mr. Simpson, 151, Harbottle St., South Byker, Newcastle, writes: "I feel I must write and tell you the great benefit I have got from Vitadatio. The doctor told me I had Acute Gastric Ulcer. I was in agony and tried all kinds of medicines without avail. My food did not digest. I felt dizzy and my knees felt as if they were giving way. I am now on my seventh bottle, and I say thanks to Vitadatio, because I am a new man in every way and shall always recommend it to anyone suffering."

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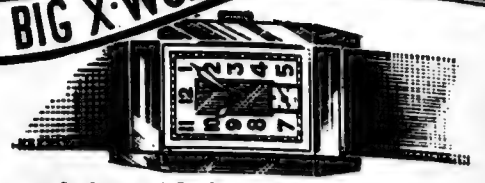
£2 Weekly for Life . . . and £500

OR HUGE LUMP SUM OF £900

298

FINE BIG X-WORD CHEQUE with BONUS



HANDSOME BONUS OF 32/6

WRIST-WATCH with all prizes of £1 and over; luminous dial; ladies' model if required . . . 5-year guarantee by the maker.

£100 Between all Runners-up

BONUS AWARD A Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d entries in same envelope. VALUE £2

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer. TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17th.

THOSE who have followed our Crosswords for two or three weeks will need no persuasion from us to get busy at once on this week's entertaining problem; for them a week without a "John Bull" Crossword to puzzle out would be blank indeed.

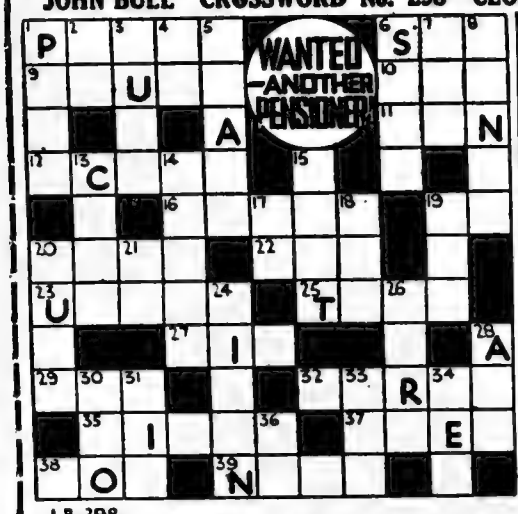
We speak instead to new readers of these columns—yes, to you if you still imagine that solving Crosswords is a matter of choosing blindly between BATS and RATS and CATS and things. . . .

You cannot have tried a modern Crossword such as "John Bull's."

We ask you to test your wits on our Compiler's ingenious puzzle now before you. Speedily you will discover that haphazard solving is useless and that it is common-sense consideration of the Clues provided that will bring £2 weekly for life and £500 cash to any entrant who beats all others.

"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 (or a lump sum of £900) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. To the winner of any cash prize of £1 or over a Handsome Wrist-watch will be sent. A Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 28, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 4.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 298—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAR. 21, 1935



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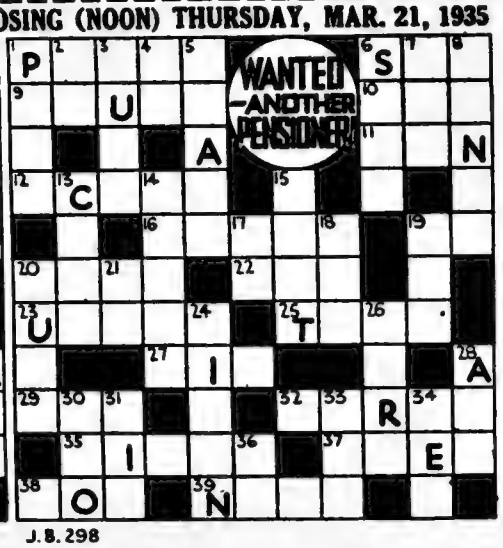


J.B. 298

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

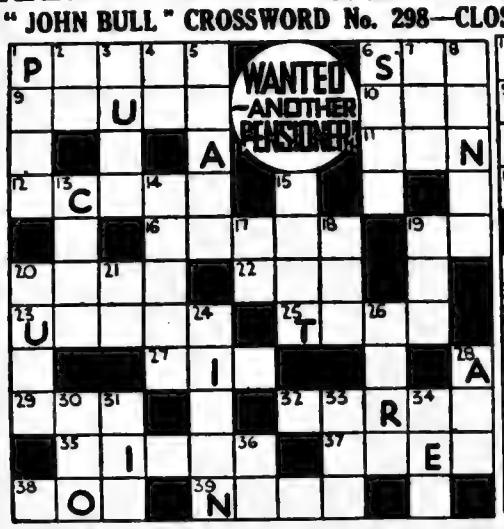
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 298—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAR. 21, 1935



J.B. 298

J.B. 298

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE. A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:
"John Bull" Crossword No. 298,
57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
(Comp.)

Free Help for X-Word Entrants. Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

Solutions of "John Bull" X-Words Nos. 295 and 296.

Winners in Crossword No. 295 appear on page 31. Winners in Crossword No. 296 will be published next week. The Solutions of "John Bull" Crosswords Nos. 295 and 296 are given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

J.B.295

J.B.296

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. These give petrol—and water
6. Weep convulsively
9. Sharp angle is this
10. What it takes to make a quarrel
11. Even poetically
12. Bloodhounds can pick up this
16. Won by cricketers and removed by dustmen
19. Letters often footing her letters
20. Sonny beats one—father beats it
22. Empire's marked red on it
23. Speak
25. Diplomat needs it in delicate situation
27. When we do this it means work for spade
29. Is quite a youth
32. Good ones, carefully handled, hit the mark
35. Swimmer must be careful when he does this
37. Something like an onion, look you
38. Is employed in a clean-up
39. False one makes singer look foolish

DOWN

1. Successfully done by amateur conjurer
2. Behead and curtail Duce
3. Speaks his mind with actions not words
4. Pot with nothing taken out
5. They are numbered in a theatre
6. Sergt.-major keeps recruits in this
7. You're in debt if you do this
8. Breaking these means suffering for somebody
13. You have to rely upon horse for this
14. Baby is, at christening
15. Crowded compartment makes this uncomfortable.
17. Short for His Majesty
18. Where you take waters
19. Stroking wrong way is risky
20. Such a character makes actor's work doubly difficult
21. Slice one end off cut
24. Pears do this in sunshine
26. Apples are best when baked with this
28. Do this if you don't know
30. Fussy little word
31. Is enjoyed in sea, not pocket
33. It can make one drunk
34. From this time till five slack officials watch clock
36. Thus

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, March 21, 1935.

2.—**In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from this week's "Gazette."**

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misdaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 4, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, April 16, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100, or the Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £900 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

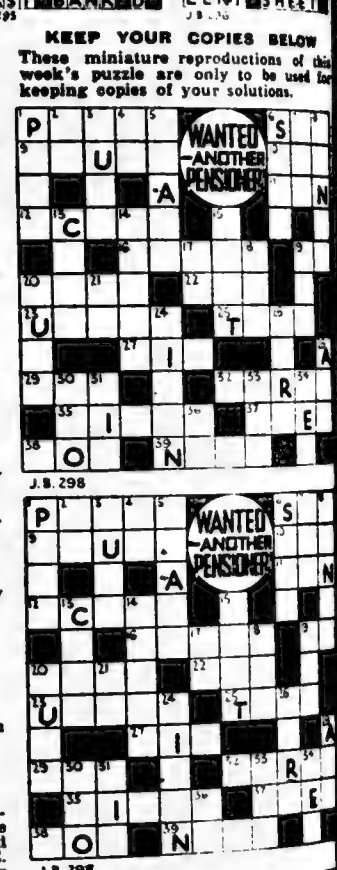
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

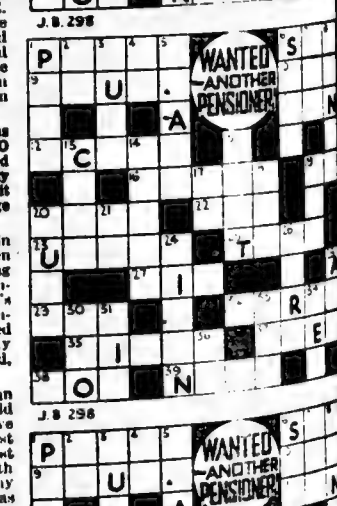
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



J.B. 298



J.B. 298

J.B. 298

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

MRS. B. (Swansea).—"My husband is always setting traps for me." Why not get a cat?

H. B. (Iffley).—"It was a case of too many cooks spoil the broth." They made a hash of it?

TAILOR (Wednesbury).—"I've got my biggest business rival weighed up." You've taken his measure?

WRITER (Hendon).—"My article on 'Gas Light' was not accepted." It was turned down?

BACON-CURER (Belfast).—"My partner and I have climbed to success together." Side by side, as it were.

J. S. (Elstree).—"I started in life as a barber; now I am a stunt man on the films." Still specialising in close shaves?

HANDYMAN (Kenton).—"I had just finished puttying the skylight window when the glass broke under me." You came through with it?

C. V. (Glasgow).—"A bull strayed into the bargain basement here recently." And now is the poor unfortunate animal to be sold as pressed beef?

STEEPLEJACK (Stepney).—"I intend to publish a volume revealing the real nature of my work." The low-down on the high-up?

P. Y. (Derby).—"A popular country hotel in Scotland stands on a hill two hundred feet above the road." We understand it is a good pull-up for tourists.

WELFARE WORKER (London, W.).—"Prison-visiting induces in one a desire to go again and again." Old lags deny it.

HERD (Cheddar).—"I was getting on very well with her until one of my goats playfully knocked her down." It butted in on your courtship.

WORRIED (Leigh).—"How can I prevent my children banging the door against the wall every time they open it?" Put a stop to it.

JIM (Edinburgh).—"Although I am only a butcher, I intend to become a famous novelist." Well, you have plenty of raw material at hand.

P. A. (St. Albans).—"My son's hair was long and exasperated me so much that I took some scissors and cut it myself." You couldn't bear it any longer?

DELIGHTED (Chiswick).—"The first morning after my advertisement appeared I received an avalanche of orders." You were snowed under?

F. A. H. (Chatham).—"In mid-field our forwards are artists, but there is no one to finish off their movements." Except the opposing backs.

J. R. (Margate).—"What can be better than jumping out of bed at 5 a.m. and going for a dip in the sea?" Not jumping out of bed until 7 a.m.

EQUESTRIAN (Windsor).—"The horse got the bit between its teeth, bolted for two miles, and then threw me." You were literally taken for a ride and bumped off.

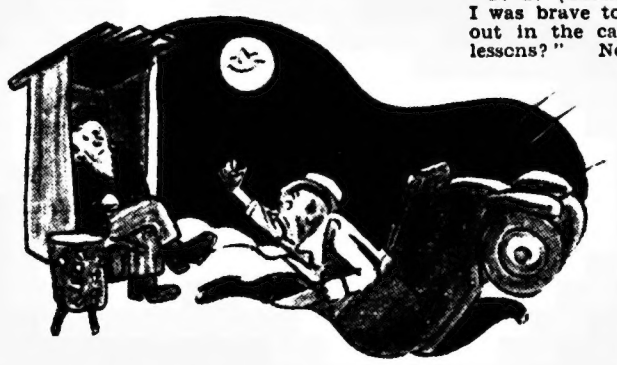
A. F. (Portobello).—"I never noticed until the other evening how low my friends' doorpost is." Then you hit on it.

TIP. (Kendal).—"I bought some of the largest oranges I have ever seen, but when I came to eat them discovered that they were nearly all skin." A bit thick!

MRS. T. (Sherborne).—"I have been very friendly with her for years, but lately she loses no opportunity of making nasty cutting remarks." Which, of course, makes you feel keenly.

A. C. (Oxford).—"The crews for this year's boat race are so evenly matched that the result probably will depend on the toss." So the crews can now resume their academic pursuits and leave the result to their skippers.

THE KID



George (Parkstone).—"There is nothing to beat the joy of the open road." Especially when the night watchman has omitted to light the red lanterns!

MOLLY (Finchley).—"What are the three ages of woman?" The muddle age, middle age, and meddle age.

A. C. (Enfield).—"Who likes to see a stout, ugly-shaped woman?" A slimming specialist.

OLD SOLDIER (Bristol).—"I went to a reunion dinner the other night and we had the same food as we had in the trenches." Bit stale, wasn't it?

PROFESSIONAL (London, N.W.).—"I've decided to give up cricket and I'm going in for poultry farming." So you won't mind how many ducks you get.

SKIER (Kandersteg).—"There's nothing finer than to go full tilt down a snow-covered mountain side." Providing, of course, that you remain on your feet.

R. B. (Hull).—"The new single fare for double journey railway tickets are a good investment." You certainly get a return for your money.

W. B. (Margate).—"I am a philosopher, but I must admit that I was angry when somebody stole my artificial teeth at an hotel." It was a loss you couldn't take smiling

ENGAGED (Accrington).—"My young man thinks my taste poor because I frequently enjoy a kipper. I don't see any reason to make any bones about it." No—there are quite enough of them as it it.

S. K. (Leicester).—"Friday isn't really unlucky." No, it was only some poor fish that started the superstition.

MAC (Aberdeen).—"I played a round of golf with my wife on her birthday." And gave her three strokes as a present.

H. N. K. (Totnes).—"You cannot eat your cake and have it." You can if you eat it in bed.

HIKER (Patricroft).—"It's awkward taking a bath on a hike." Yes—especially when it's heavy.

T. D. (Ingatestone).—"Chess is becoming more popular in railway carriages now." But not draughts?

F. C. (Clapham).—"What is a haunting refrain?" One that has been done to death.

NEWLY-WED (Chertsey).—"My bachelor pals all laugh at me when I tell them I help my wife with the mangling." Their turn will come, no doubt.

HUBBY (Selsey).—"I offered to give my wife assistance in making the marmalade, but was utterly fed up before I'd finished." You got the pip?

TED (Gateshead).—"If you were suddenly confronted by a man with a sharp knife, what steps would you take?" Long ones, to the nearest policeman.

H. A. (Tewkesbury).—"I know a minister whose only notes for his sermon are written on old envelopes." Well, that's the right place for an address.

INDIGNANT (Golders Green).—"My parlourmaid got home just after day broke." Well, that's something you couldn't blame her for.

LIFT ATTENDANT (Manchester).—"Although I am not married, I am very fond of children." We expect that you have raised a good few in your time!

A. K. (Lewisham).—"The landlord sent his wife along to give us notice to quit." Evidently he could not bring himself to do it

C. H. R. (Liverpool).—"I am worried about my son's future, for I'm afraid he's not a sticker." Useless to make him a paper-hanger then.

H. J. (Rhyl).—"To give me more light in the house, I've made up my mind to cut down most of the trees in my garden." A topping idea.

P. C. A. (Twickenham).—"Nothing will stop my wife doing her ironing on Sunday afternoons." Did she tell you so flatly?

F. L. (Colchester).—"When we were away on holiday, somebody rung up to our house, and a burglar had the cheek to answer the call." So the person who rung got a real wrong number!

F. T. (Gloucester).—"Don't you think I was brave to take my wife and family out in the car after only three driving lessons?" No. Your wife and family were the brave ones.

MRS. F. (Bungay).—"My husband plays so much golf, I cannot get him to dig the garden." Why not use tact, and lay out a miniature course in the garden?

G. S. T. (Sevenoaks).—"In spite of brilliant sunshine, the pitch we played our Cup Tie on was completely frost-bound." You had a hard game, then?

THEATRICAL PRODUCER (London, W.C.2).—"I am going to Chicago next week with an acrobatic show." You are going to stage a hold-up?

P. B. (Chelsea).—"I am supposed to be a good landscape artist, but I must admit that I am utterly incapable of drawing a horse." Perhaps you should give up sweepstakes altogether.

G. M. (Manchester).—"Where can I get tickets for the Cup Final?" Well, if you don't mind two tickets with a £1,000 cheque attached and a Millionaire's Week-end thrown in, page 39 answers your question.

CARPENTER (Woodford).—"The chemist was so impressed by the time and trouble I gave to the job that besides payment he gave me some liniment for my rheumatism." You got something for your pains.

W. D. F. (London, E.C.).—"I get a publicity expert to draw up the advertisement. He did the job well, but I don't think it was worth the fee he charged." You think the lay-out did not justify your outlay?

COMMERCIAL (Bristol).—"My wife has just finished her spring cleaning and incidentally moved all the furniture around to fresh places, but I had a shock when I discovered she had moved my favourite armchair." The shock came, we presume, when you sat on the spot previously occupied by the chair.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Why suffer with Backache?

"Every Picture tells a Story"

"Keep the kidneys well; they will keep you well."

HEALTHY, ACTIVE KIDNEYS are your surest protection against backache, urinary disorders, disturbed nights, renal dropsy, sciatica and rheumatism.

These troubles start when the delicate kidney filters fail to extract harmful impurities from the blood. To stop the mischief the early use of Doans Backache Kidney Pills is recommended. Below Mrs. Allen describes her recovery. Thousands of others are just as enthusiastic for Doans.

"Lumbago and Sciatica"

On 1st October, 1923, Mrs. E. Allen, 151, Harringay Road, London, N.15, said: "I had a severe attack of lumbago and sciatica some years ago. The pain across the small of my back and down my legs was simply terrible. The bladder was weak and there was sediment in the kidney excretions.

But I soon obtained relief when I began with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. After I had given this splendid medicine a fair trial I was quite well."

On 24th August, 1934, Mrs. Allen said: "Doans Pills did me lasting good. I still keep free from lumbago and sciatica.

(Signed) E. Allen."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon

END THOSE DREARY SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

Does anything pull you down like a sleepless night? Long never-ending hours while you toss and you turn waiting to count the clock! Finally an hour or so of fitful sleep from which you wake more tired than when you went to bed. No wonder you aren't up to anything!

Yet it's only nerves: nerves which work and worry and overstrain have starved of their nourishment. And that's easy enough to cure.

Just take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30 a.m., at 3.30, and before going to bed. You'll find relief the very first night, for Wincarnis is the surest quietener of tired nerves a doctor knows. Containing wine—the juice of 2½ lbs. of the finest grapes—meat extract and vitamin malt extract, Wincarnis is not a drug but a perfectly natural way to build up health and strength, to create new blood and restore jaded nerves.

Try this simple pleasant way to perfect sleep and perfect health to-day. Take it always when you're run down or convalescent after illness. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from doctors for neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, neuralgia, and a host of other ailments.

CHILDREN'S SKIN OUTBREAKS

Pimples and rashes, however trifling, are often the beginning of chronic Eczema, Psoriasis, or some other distressing, disfiguring skin disease. Think of your children's good looks and comfort, their happiness at school. Children pick and scratch, and fingernails carry germs. Get Cuticura Ointment and use it to-day—to prevent infection—to ward off a serious skin disease. Cuticura is absolutely safe and always effective. Its soothing, antiseptic, healing action quickly clears the skin.

How Cuticura Heals

Wash the affected part daily with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

Child's Face In Awful State

"I had great trouble with my little boy. His trouble seemed to begin with a cold sore, and it spread all over his face and his head. It was dry and crusted and his face was in an awful state. It was very itchy and burned, and he could not open his eyes for some time. We had no sleep, night or day, for weeks. I had him treated, but it spread more until I began to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After a couple of applications he commenced to get better, so I kept it up and now he is healed." (Signed) Mrs. Farrell, 1, Queens Terrace, Chapel Street, Salford.

Cuticura Ointment 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-. Cuticura Soap 1/-. Sample of Soap, Ointment and Talcum sent on receipt of 1½d. stamp for postage.
Address: Cuticura (Dept. 78 BO) Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31 Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

Cuticura

SOOTHING · ANTISEPTIC · HEALING

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but be careful! Don't use drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney and Bladder troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, or Loss of Energy, don't waste a minute. Try the safe, sure Doctor's prescription CYSTEX (Sis-tex). Starts work in 15 minutes. Soothes and tones raw, irritated tissues. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- at all chemists.

SLEEPLESSNESS and WEAK NERVES cured without DRUGS

Acidity, Flatulence, Heartburn, Dyspepsia' Neuritis, Insomnia, Lumbago, Headache, Asthma. Indigestion, Rheumatism.
Throughout the world this marvellous South American Cure is working miracles. Removes all acid, purifies the blood and rejuvenates the whole system. Contains no drugs, bismuth or magnesia. Send for our Special Offer.

MELL'S 7 DAY COURSE (a whole week's supply of Tablets) 1/3

S. AMERICAN CURE

MELL'S TABLET CO., Dept. 50, J.B., 11 Argyle Road, SOUTHPORT.

SPRING CLEANING? Turn to p. 23.
Save time, expense and drudgery by filling in the coupon on p. 23 for free illustrated booklet explaining how you can secure the new Hoover Junior for only a few shillings down.

EVEN BETTER THAN COD LIVER OIL.

New Tasteless Tablets are Greatest of all Strength and Flesh-builders for Weak, Run-down People.

No longer need mothers force fishy-tasting Cod Liver Oil down children's throats! No longer need men and women who are skinny and weak stay that way because they hate the thing which could put them right.
At last doctors have found a way to concentrate health-giving, flesh-producing Vitamins in tasteless, sugar-coated tablets, as simple and easy to take as sweets.
Get a bottle of Clotabs—as these tablets are called—at any chemists to-day, and if they don't put on at least 3 lbs. of firm, healthy flesh in a month, get your money back.
Here are just one or two of the wonders Clotabs have worked. One little girl who was very weak after Diphtheria and unable to go to school improved the very first week and put on 4 lbs. in three weeks. A little boy who was run-down and underweight gained 21 lbs. of sturdy flesh. A lady at Wembley who was "always tired" gained new energy and strength. A man who was thoroughly run-down after teeth trouble found immediate improvement and gained at least 3 lbs.
Get a bottle to-day. From any chemist, 1/3 and 3/-. For useful weight recording Chart send 1½d. in stamps to Macleans Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Mdx.

12 YEARS' TERRIBLE PAIN WITH GASTRITIS

What must a man think who, after 12 years of terrible gastric pain and after trying everything else, takes a 1/3 bottle as a "trial" only to find it cures him completely! Just read this quite unsolicited letter from Mr. G. Windebank, of Titchfield, Hants.
"During the past twelve years I have suffered very badly from Gastritis, sometimes having to nearly starve myself for as much as a month at a time, only to start suffering again as soon as I started work. After trying nearly all the remedies shown in shop windows a chemist advised a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, 1/3 size, as a trial. I feel it my duty to let you know that it was not only a trial but a cure. I can eat more for one meal now than I could eat in any week during the past twelve years and do a hard day's work as well. I shall never fail to recommend Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to anyone who suffers with gastric trouble as I know what a terrible pain it is."
Get a bottle to-day, but do not accept an inferior substitute to save a few pence. Be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

YOU TOO CAN CURE RHEUMATISM

URACE brand TABLETS have done my Rheumatism a lot of good—backache and stiffness have entirely gone. I can now move about with ease. Nurse J. K——. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

PILES can be Ended

There are thousands of men and women who suffer awful agony day and night because of pile trouble, who do not know that every chemist stocks a special remedy that does most surely and quickly banish the misery of this wretched trouble.

Make a confidant of your chemist. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. He will tell you this is no ordinary ointment, but a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation and clears away internal, external, sore or bleeding piles.

The unique tube in which Man Zan is sold makes this preparation so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, usually sufficient to clear away the most difficult case.

Remember the name of this special remedy for pile trouble—

Man Zan BRAND **PILE REMEDY**

FREE to "John Bull" Readers

Fill in the Coupon in the Radiation announcement on p. 25. The makers of New World Gas Cookers offer every housewife and cook a free copy of the Radiation Cookery Book, which contains dozens of menus to choose from. Simply fill in the Coupon on p. 25 and be sure to address Radiation, Ltd. (Publications Dept., 54/5C), 164, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4. Fill in the Coupon on p. 25.

BIGGEST PRIZE of 1935 won by BUSY Mother

Rector joins in congratulations to Mrs. Roberts

WITHIN a few minutes of the arrival of a Friday telegram for Mrs. E. Roberts at her home in the wooded countryside of Little Milford, near Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, a Union Jack was flying at the corner of the house.

Her two youngsters, you see, knew how a big occasion should be celebrated. And mother had won our 971st *Bullets* First Prize, the biggest yet seen in 1935, giving her the choice of either £1,935 cash, £4 Weekly for Life and a Millionaire's Week-end in London, or a lump sum of £3,500.

* * *

Chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Roberts in their sunny sitting-room, writes a JOHN BULL representative, I learnt that one of the competitors whom this determined woman had beaten in the fight to the prize-lists was her husband.

"*Bullets* have been our distraction from worries in recent years," he told me. Mrs. Roberts nodded and explained how the experiences of those troubled years had inspired her telling *Bullet*, TERRIBLE BLOW—THEN KINDNESS "STAGGERED" Us.

"About four years ago," Mrs. Roberts said, "we suffered a terrible blow. My husband was Managing Director of a local colliery company. As a result of its failure, he lost all he had invested in it and has been out of a position since then."

"Times have been very different from what we were used to," she added, "but in our troubles there has been this consolation; —we have seen what splendid kindness there is in the world."

Congratulations had been many since the great news arrived. The Rev. W. Williams, Rector of the neighbouring church of St. Justinan, Freystrop, came over to see the prize-winner whilst I was there, and his delight at his parishioner's success is evident in the photograph above.

"A splendid win," the Rector said. "And the *Bullet's* a fine thought, excellently expressed."

It is the 3-in-1 prize of £1,935 and a Life Pension which this busy mother has chosen as her reward. Her success she told me happily, has made the future safe for Pauline and Jack, her cheery children.

There was solid satisfaction for her too, in the fact that no woman *Bullets* has ever won a prize as large as hers. The previous woman champion was Mrs. A. Humphries, the Birmingham winner of £3,500 and a car for the famous *Bullet*, MAN IN A BATH-CHAIR—WORKS'—IN "MEMORY'S GARDEN."

Two "Target" prizes in two years—that had been all Mrs. Roberts' previous success as she plodded away at her *Bullets* each week. "But there's been *Bullets' Bulletin*," she said. "It has helped wonderfully, besides giving me a new feeling of optimism every Thursday."

* * *

Soon Mr. and Mrs. Roberts will be coming to London to enjoy their Millionaire's week-end and sample the JOHN BULL round of hospitality which they have only read about—but before then you can win a Millionaire's Week-end.

Another of these prizes which leave their recipients with a thousand happy memories is offered this week—the opportunity to see the Cup Final in Millionaire luxury. And with it goes a splendid fortune of £1,000 cash. Why should not this double prize be yours?

"BULLETS" GREAT JUBILEE CELEBRATION

Our 978th prize list, coming shortly, will be headed by £3,000 Cash, fully furnished Ideal Home and Car. Many other big prizes and Unlimited Jubilee Surprise Gifts also coming in our

GIANT OFFER

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,570 AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE, £600—COMPETITION No. 972

A. J. WARDEN, 51, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.
Example: MELODY OF LOVE
Bullet: MADE THEIR "COTTAGE" "GRAND."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

W. J. SPENCE, 12, Paris Street, Belfast.
Example: No Bed Of Roses
Bullet: But "Bedrock," British Throne.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

W. H. HALE, 68, Chantry Avenue, Blakenhall, Walsall.
Example: First Offence
Bullet: "Cross-roads"—Go Carefully, Magistrate!

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: E. WORRALL, 104, Evelyn Street, Warrington, Lancs.
"Never Again!"—*Remembering* "Lines" Prompts That.

£18: E. JOHANSSON, 24a, Hill Street, Newport, Mon.
My Dictator—Happy—Got Another "Rebel"!

£16: A. HAGE, 5, Hill Top Road, Old Whittington, Chesterfield.
Hopes—Rocketing—Rocket Answers Rocket.

£14: S. FISHER, 6, Catherine Street, Bulwell, Nottingham
Growling — "Under-dogs" — Frightening Government's Canvassers.

£12: G. RODGERS, 39, Pluto Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool.
Brains—Flogged—"Bending Over" Homework.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£10: C. DAVIES, 1, Woodland Cotts., Bedlinog, Treharris Glam.
Man On Crutches—"Skips" Over His Bit.!

£9: W. G. HAYES, "Montlhery," First Lane, Hessle, Yorks.
New Deal—America "Building Castles" With.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£8: R. WILLIAMS, 54, Bu[illegible] Newquay, Cornwall.
Strenuous Struggle—Th[illegible] Dive Through "Years."

£7: C. H. DOUGHTY, 240, [illegible] Park Road, Lincoln.
To Cheer Him Up—Necess[illegible] Necessity Depressing Him.

£6: W. JONES, 47, Beaufort Street, Brynmawr.
Melody Of Love—Eyes Render[illegible] "I Surrender."

£5: W. FREEMAN, "Hardcarl," Evesham Road, Stratford-on-Avon.
Man On Crutches—"Ma[illegible]less"—Pretend You Are!

3 OF £4 EACH:

J. HUTCHINS, 151, Newton R[illegible] Bournemouth Park, Southampton.
Frightened Father—Little [illegible]

C. LAYCOCK, 45, Wycliffe S[illegible] Crewe.
The Expert—"Befogged Prisoner.

C. PARKER, 6, Hollins Str[illegible] Basford, Stoke-on-Trent.
Sister's Latest—"Selection [illegible] "Tapping" Sonny.
(Entered on "Target" [illegible] coupon.)

3 OF £3 EACH.

E. BARRY, 43, Manor Way, Beckenham, Kent.
Man On Crutches—Scoffed At Grandad's Tricycle!

S. E. BOYCE, 20, Albert Road, Sandown, I.O.W.
No Bed Of Roses—Flowers Unsold No Bed.

R. W. LONGRIDGE, Sandy Lane, North Ord forth, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Melody Of Love—Interrupted The Music Lessons.

Each of the above winners will also receive £12 12s. Radio Set, as will 30 of £2. A list of these, together with 500 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."
ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

Monster One-Week Cup Final Offer

£1,000 AND MILLIONAIRE'S CUP FINAL WEEK-END IN LONDON FOR TWO

Luxurious hotel accommodation and use of limousine, with perfect Cup Final and Theatre seats, await "John Bull's" guests during week-end of Saturday, April 27

GIANT 2-IN-1 PRIZE FOR A 'BULLET'

£100	£25	£10-£9-£8	10 of £2.10s.
AND TWO £1.1.0 CUP FINAL TICKETS	AND TWO £1.1.0 CUP FINAL TICKETS	£7-£6-£5	50 of 10/-
			500 of 2/6
			2,000 Red Seal 'Targets'
			8,000 'Target' Prizes

COME UP FOR THE CUP AS "JOHN BULL'S" MILLIONAIRE GUEST!

How would you like to become a millionaire for a week-end and attend the Cup Final in luxury as JOHN BULL'S guest? That is the thrilling celebration awaiting the sender of the best *Bullet* in this week's giant Cup Final Contest. The First Prize telegram on Friday, April 5, will do more than congratulate the inner on a staggering £1,000 success. It will also invite him or her and a chosen mpanion to spend a Millionaire's Cup Final Week-end in London, which includes nessing the great struggle at Wembley from the finest seats, the exclusive use a limousine with chauffeur, theatre ts and luxurious hotel accommodation. Special Cup Final accommodation, too, s been reserved for the Second and ird Prize-winners, who will also receive ubstantial cash award.

OW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

O make a *Bullet*, read through the *Examples* and jot down all the comnts they bring to your mind. In one these rough comments there may well the germ of a First Prize *Bullet*.

Since a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, REE or FOUR words, your next task st be to cut down your rough comnts to these limits.

Suppose, for instance, you had been uck by the possibilities of the *Example* STING TIME. Against it you might ll write the rough comment *Those ticians, Whilst Workless Go Hungry.* few minutes' juggling with words and could easily turn out the completed *llet*, WASTING TIME—GOVERNMENT—E'S "WASTING" UNEMPLOYED.

Before you start on your own efforts, dy the winning efforts on the previous e, and you will see that there is not e there which you could not have made in a few minutes yourself.

Then start on your *Bullets* without ay, for you have only until Saturday, rch 23, to win that huge Cup Final st.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

RAMSAY'S CREW
SOVEREIGN REMEDY
KIND EMPLOYER
"GOOD MAN!"
POLITICAL BANQUET
MERRY ENGLAND
BRINGS JOY
ON MANHOOD'S THRESHOLD
ENCHANTED
PLOUGHING THE SANDS
MAN OF ACTION
IN HIS NOTE-BOOK
FICKLE FORTUNE
THANKS TO HORE-BELISHA
COUNTRY PARSON
AUNTIE'S ROMANTIC, SO
LOVE'S SWAN-SONG
LIKE A SKELETON
PATIENTLY AWAITED
SAFE JOB
SECRET DIPLOMACY
WANING
MOTHER'S ADVICE
WASTING TIME
SAID THE HERO
FATHER'S LATEST
MARCHING FEET
ROPE ROUND HIS NECK
DRAB STREETS.
UNTHINKABLE
ROUGH DIAMOND
KEEPING HIS HAND IN
FRAGRANT MEMORY
CELEBRATING
HATCHING A PLOT
CONVICT 99

AVE MONEY

enclosing this new sy Registration upon with your ry for "Bullets" or ohn Bull" Cross-rds and thus secure pages of Competi-n assistance

REE!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette: I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being ness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have ful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and sed & Co. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal r, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be plated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an ss condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsnts from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 976 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,835 chosen (with £4 weekly Life Pension and Millionaire's Week-) by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 971 will be displayed in the window of Mr. ster (Newsagent), Dew Street, Haverfordwest.

ENTRY FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(976) Closing SAT., Mar. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(976) Closing SAT., Mar. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(976) Closing SAT., Mar. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(976) Closing SAT., Mar. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

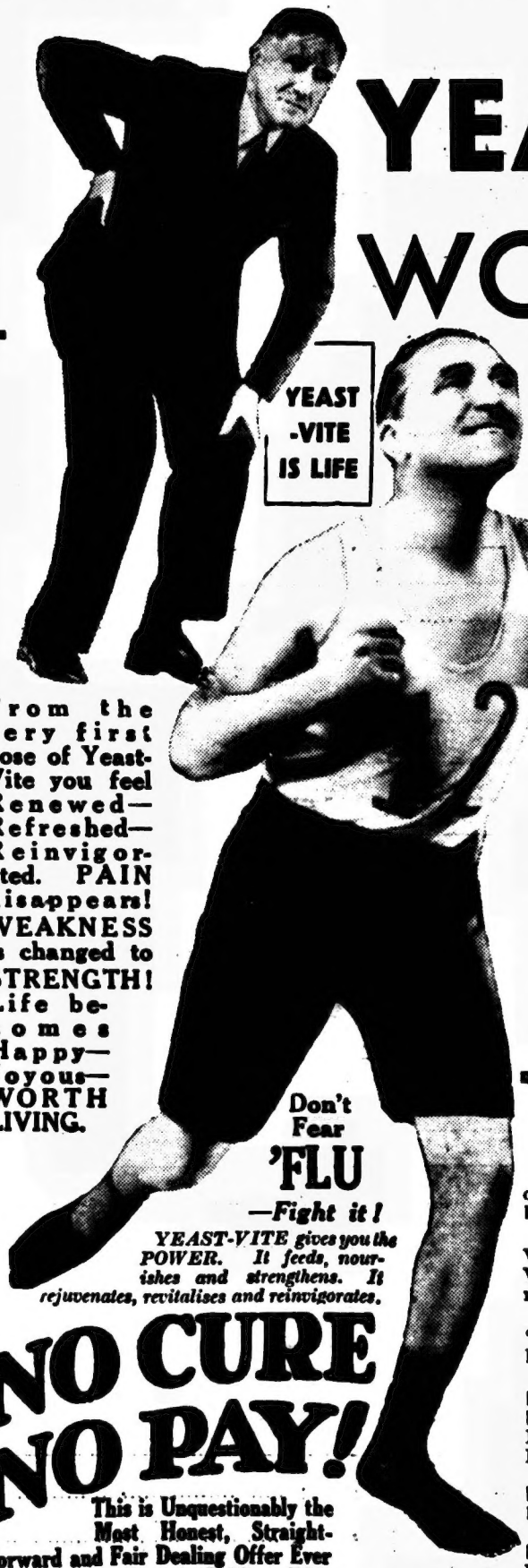
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(976) Closing SAT., Mar. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 976, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Laid up with RHEUMATISM NERVES in a very Bad State

—BUT HE PROVED THAT YEAST-VITE IS LIFE and WON FAMOUS RACE



Dear Sirs,—Permit me to write a few words about how I feel after taking your wonderful Yeast-Vite.

Twelve months ago I was ***laid up with Rheumatism and my Nerves were in a very bad state.*** *Previous to my illness I did a little sprinting, but when I had the illness* ***I gave up all hopes of doing any more running.*** *I tried practically everything, but of no avail.*

One day a friend of mine advised me to try Yeast-Vite and I am very pleased I took his advice. In the course of a few days ***I felt the pains going and my strength practically restored.***

I felt in a few weeks' time that I was fit to run again and last New Year's day ***I won the ——— sprint, one of the biggest races in the world, but I would never have succeeded had it not been for your wonderful tonic.***

I am still in perfect health and keep on taking it regularly.

I shall heartily recommend your Yeast-Vite to all my friends.

Yours faithfully, A. M.

From the very first dose of Yeast-Vite you feel Renewed—Refreshed—Reinvigorated. PAIN disappears! WEAKNESS is changed to STRENGTH! Life becomes Happy—Joyous—WORTH LIVING.

Don't Fear 'FLU

—Fight it!

YEAST-VITE gives you the POWER. It feeds, nourishes and strengthens. It rejuvenates, revitalises and reinvigorates.

NO CURE NO PAY!

This is Unquestionably the Most Honest, Straightforward and Fair Dealing Offer Ever Made to the British Public. FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE ACCEPT IT TO-DAY.

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Tonic Tablets, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded at once and in full.

WORDS can add nothing to the wonder of the great "Yeast-Vite" Health Triumph we publish to-day!

IT IS HISTORIC . . UNPARALLELED!

To every Rheumatic Sufferer, every Nerve Victim, all who are in Pain or have lost their Health, it will come as a shaft of sunlight to illumine the shadows of their despair.

THIS TREMENDOUS TRIUMPH OVER PAIN AND SUFFERING WILL RING THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Just imagine it! This man was crippled with Rheumatism . . . tortured by Bad Nerves! Yet, through the marvellous aid of "Yeast-Vite" his limbs were made so free, his strength so abundantly restored, that he was not only able to run in one of the greatest races in the World—BUT HE ACTUALLY WON IT!!!

It seems incredible—yet read his story on the left, in the man's own grateful words.

NURSES' PRAISE

Nurse D. S., of Walsall, writes: *"I have recommended Yeast-Vite to many of my patients, who readily admit how fresh they feel in a very short time."*

Nurse B., of London, S.W., writes: *"I have found Yeast-Vite Tablets a wonderful help when fatigued or sleepless and also for indigestion."*

Get Well To-day

—If YOU suffer from **HEADACHES** or **NERVE PAINS** "Yeast-Vite" brings Pain Freedom in a few minutes!

—If YOU are **DEPRESSED** or a Victim of **EXHAUSTION** "Yeast-Vite" means Buoyancy and Energy in record time!

—If YOU are afflicted by **NERVES** "Yeast-Vite" brings Relief in less than half an hour!

—If YOU are daily tortured by **INDIGESTION, STOMACH PAINS** or **BILIOUSNESS,** "Yeast-Vite" means Keen Appetite, Happy Mealtimes, Food Enjoyment!

—If YOU are nightly maddened by **INSOMNIA,** you can gain calm Repose!

—If YOU are agonised by **RHEUMATISM** your limbs can be supple and Free!

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	*Glorious Relief*	In 5 15 MINS.
HEADACHES	*Deliverance*	In 5 15 MINS.
LASSITUDE	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10 20 MINS.
DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10 20 MINS.
"NERVES"	*Steadiness*	In 10 20 MINS.
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15 30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15 30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30 60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

Yeast-Vite BRAND

Tonic Tablets, Sold Everywhere, 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

T. C. B.

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